

NO. 2

# GOOKIE

AUG.

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Funny? IT'S A RIOT!

**A TORNADO OF GIGGLES--AN EARTH-QUAKE OF MIRTH! AND ALL IN THAT HEP, HOWL-PRODUCING MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT EVERYONE TALKING... AND LAUGHING!**

**IT'S STREAMLINED FOR SMILES!**

**So remember...  
YOURS FOR GIGGLES  
-- and  
RESERVE  
YOUR COPY  
NOW!**



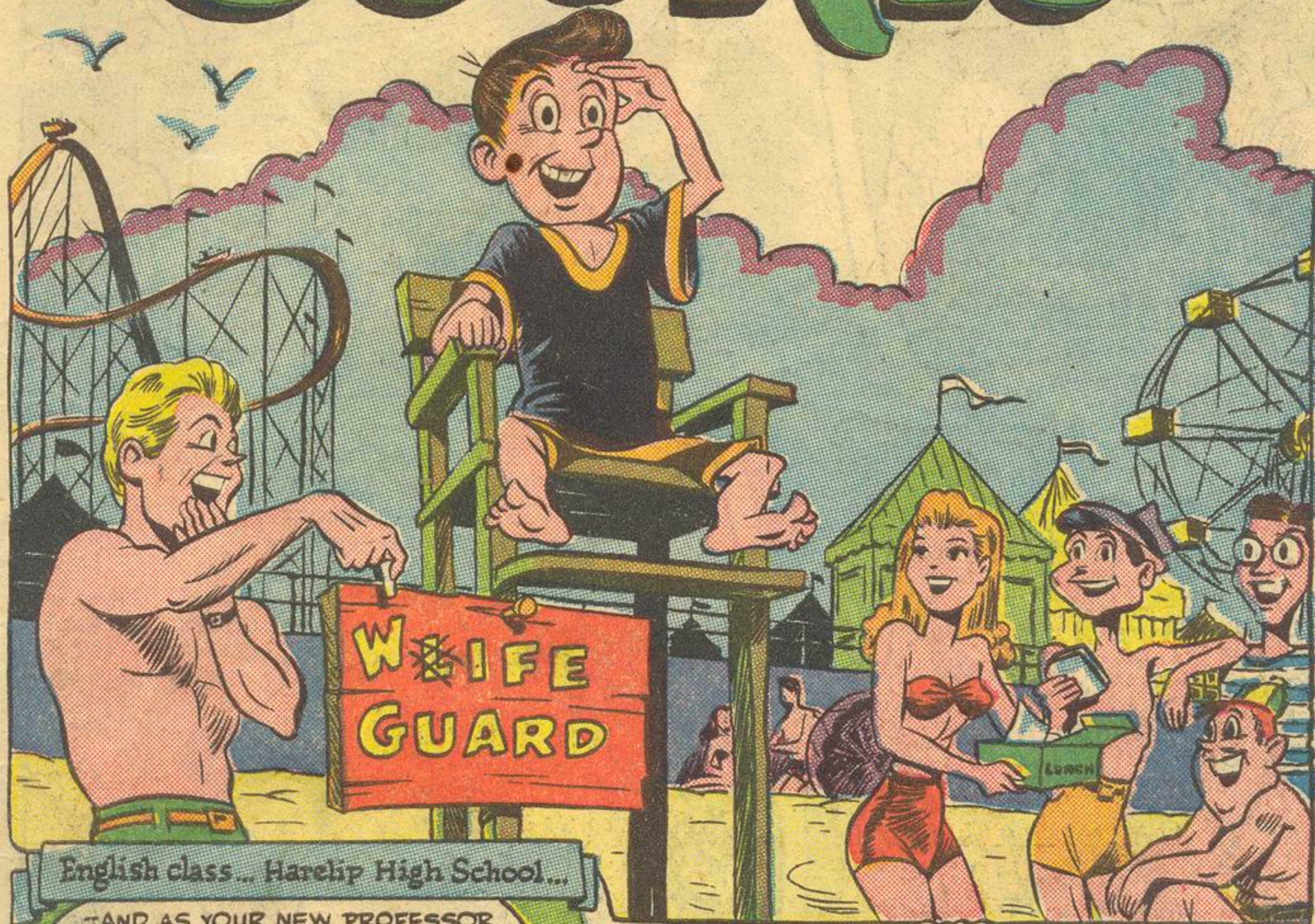
## GIGGLE COMICS

*Featuring* **THE GREAT SUPERKATT!**





# "Cookie"



English class... Harelip High School...

"AND AS YOUR NEW PROFESSOR,  
IT SHALL BE MY DUTY TO INSTILL  
WITHIN YOU ALL OF THE SOULFUL  
BEAUTY WHICH IS **POETRY!**"

PSSST -- **COOKIE!**  
GET A LOAD O'  
ANGELPUSS!

**AH!**

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk..."

AIN'T IT **AWFUL**,  
JITTERBUCK? THIS  
MARRYBORE'S GOT  
'ER **SWOONIN'!**

YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN',  
BROTHER! HE'S TAKIN'  
'ER LIKE GRANT  
TOOK RICHMOND!







Later... the Soda Jerkerie...

CREEPS!

AW, QUIT WORRYIN',  
COOKIE! SUMP'N'LL  
HAPPEN THAT'LL  
QUEER THAT  
GUY WITH  
ANGELPUSS!

I HOPE  
YER RIGHT,  
JIT!

SH-HHH!  
HERE SHE  
COMES!

AH, M'FRANDS! PROFESSOR MARRYBORE,  
THAT STRICTLY **GORGEOUS** HUNK OF MAN, HAS  
ANNOUNCED THAT FRIDAY'S CLASS WILL BE  
HELD AT SEASIDE BEACH! THERE, BESIDE  
THE WATERS, WE SHALL COMMUNE  
WITH THE VAST POETRY OF  
NATURE HERSELF!

GEE, SWELL...  
IF I ONLY KNEW  
WOT IT  
MEANT!

...BUT THERE'S ONE EXCEPTION!  
THIS ILL-MANNERED CHARACTER  
HERE IS **NOT** INVITED!  
HE CAN STAY HOME  
AND THINK OF  
THE FUN HE'S  
MISSING!

ADIOS, AMIGOS!  
BE SEEIN' YA  
BY THE SEA!

S'LONG,  
BEAUTIFUL!

HEY! MAYBE  
THIS'LL BE  
OUR CHANCE  
TA MAKE A BUM  
OUTA THE PROF  
IN FRONT O'  
ANGELPUSS!

I DON'T CARE WOT  
MARRYBORE SAID! HE  
DOESN'T OWN THE BEACH,  
AN' YOU HAFTA BE  
THERE, SEE?

OKAY!  
OKAY!

HEY, MOM!  
WHEN POP WUZ  
COURTIN' YA,  
DID HE MAKE  
WITH POETRY?

NO, **SIR!** HE  
DEPENDED UPON  
HIS APPEARANCE  
IN HIS BATHING-  
SUIT --- WHICH MADE  
ME REALIZE HE WAS  
THE MAN I WANTED  
TO MARRY!

IN A **BATHIN'-SUIT**,  
DIDJA SAY? THAT'S FUNNY!  
I'M GON' TA THE BEACH  
TOMORROW, AN' --- SAY,  
MOM! D'YA SUPPOSE  
POP'D MIND IF I  
BORROWED THAT  
**BATHIN'-SUIT**  
O' HIS?

I'M SURE NOT,  
SON! BUT IF ANY  
OF THE GIRLS WHO  
SEE YOU IN IT PROPOSE,  
DON'T ACCEPT!  
HA-HA!



Seaside Beach -- the vast poetry of nature --

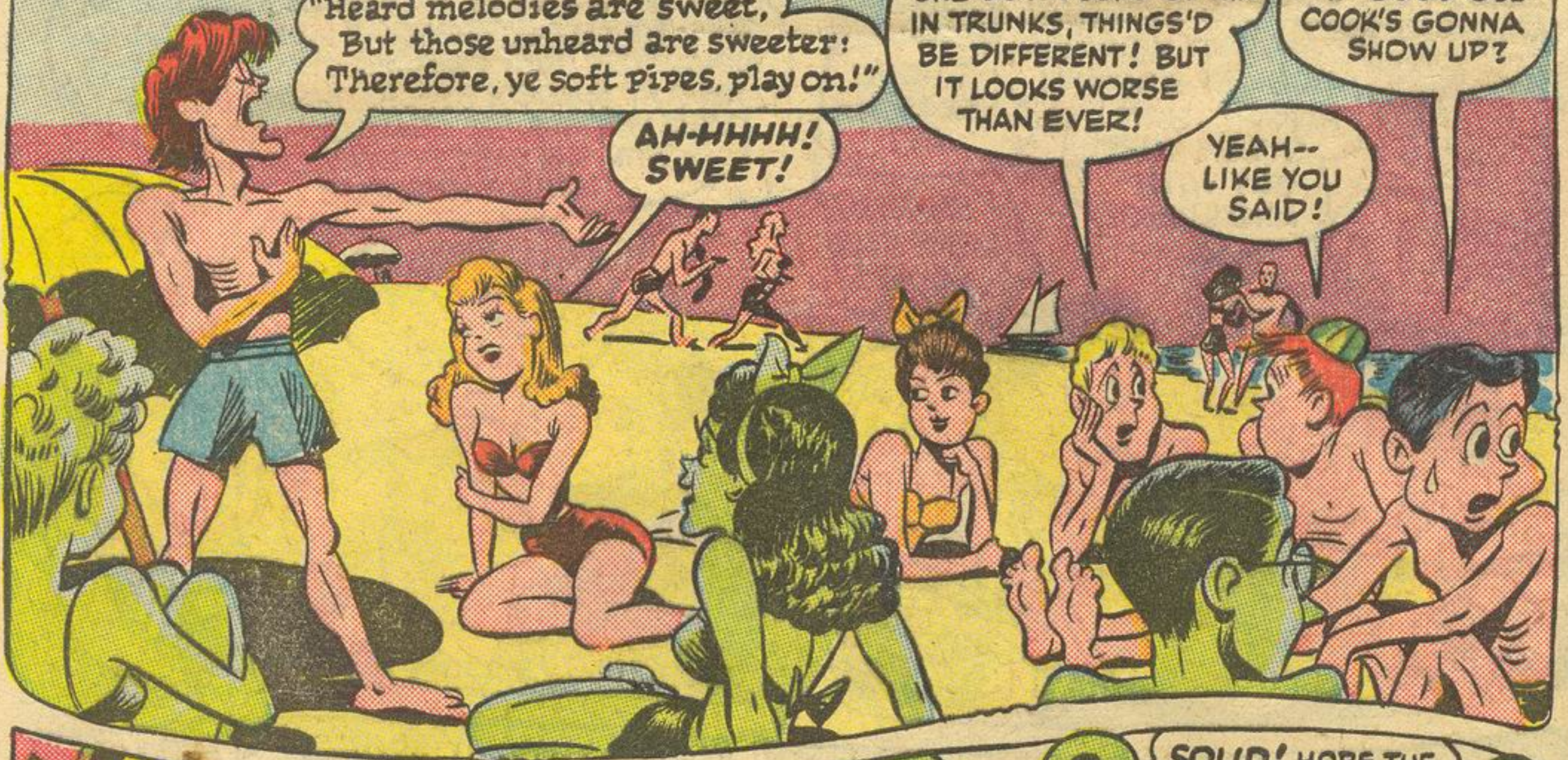
"Heard melodies are sweet,  
But those unheard are sweeter:  
Therefore, ye soft pipes, play on!"

AH-HHHH!  
SWEET!

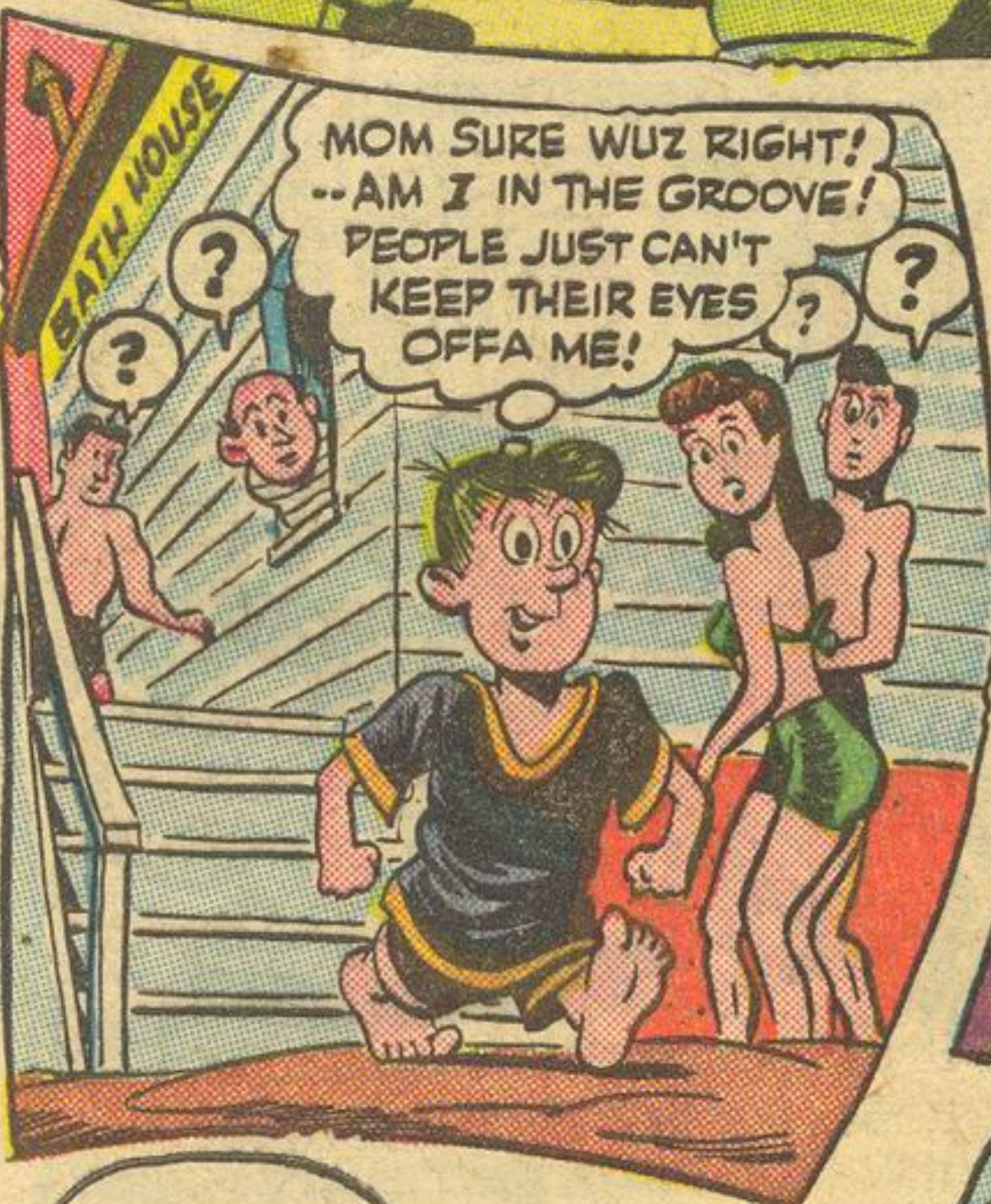
I WUZ HOPIN' ONCE  
SHE GOT A LOAD OF HIM  
IN TRUNKS, THINGS'D  
BE DIFFERENT! BUT  
IT LOOKS WORSE  
THAN EVER!

WONDER  
IF GOOD OLE  
COOK'S GONNA  
SHOW UP?

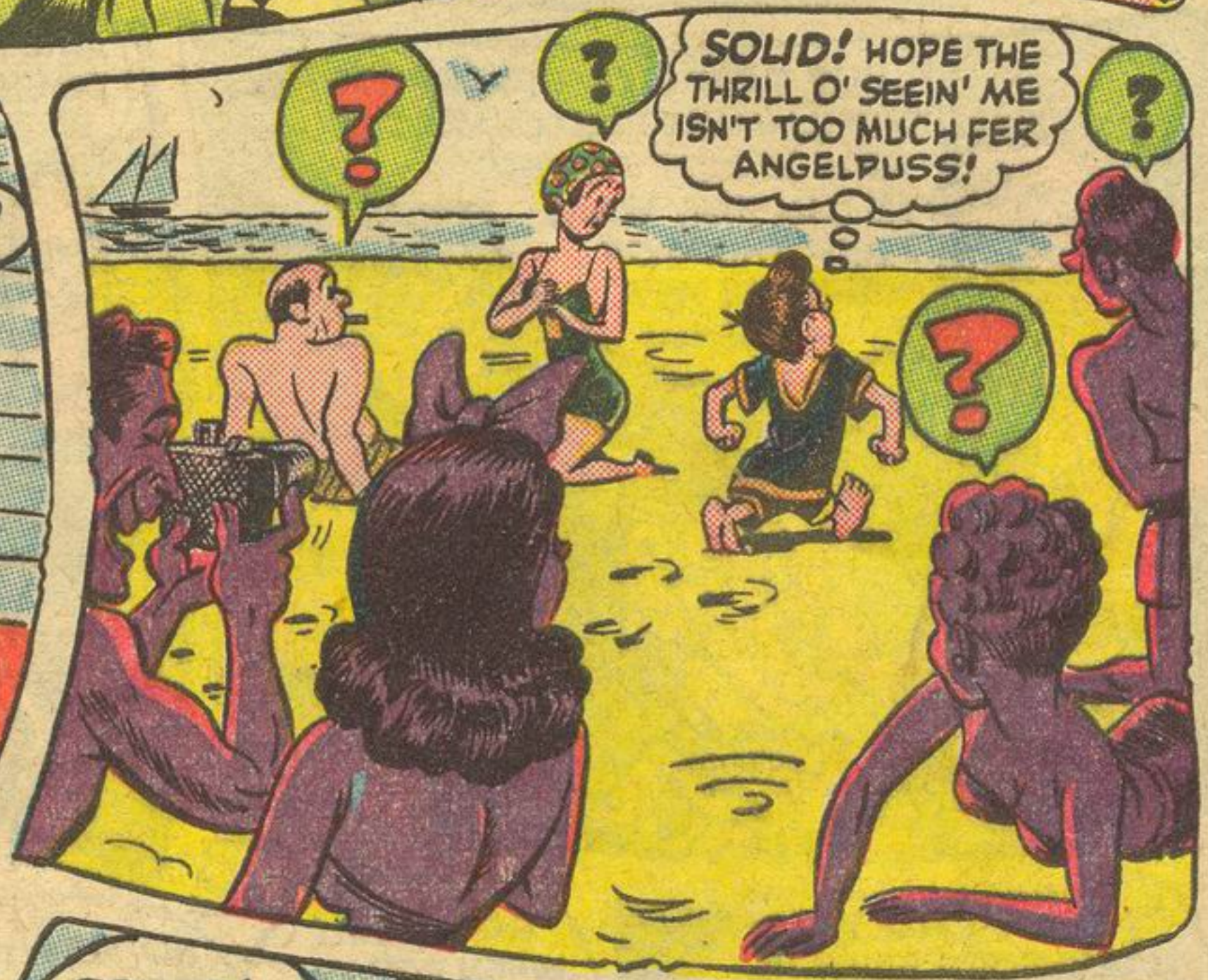
YEAH--  
LIKE YOU  
SAID!



MOM SURE WUZ RIGHT!  
--AM I IN THE GROOVE!  
PEOPLE JUST CAN'T  
KEEP THEIR EYES  
OFFA ME!



SOLID! HOPE THE  
THRILL O' SEEIN' ME  
ISN'T TOO MUCH FER  
ANGELPUSS!



A-HEM!



ZOWIE!  
PIPE THE  
FLORADORA  
BOY!

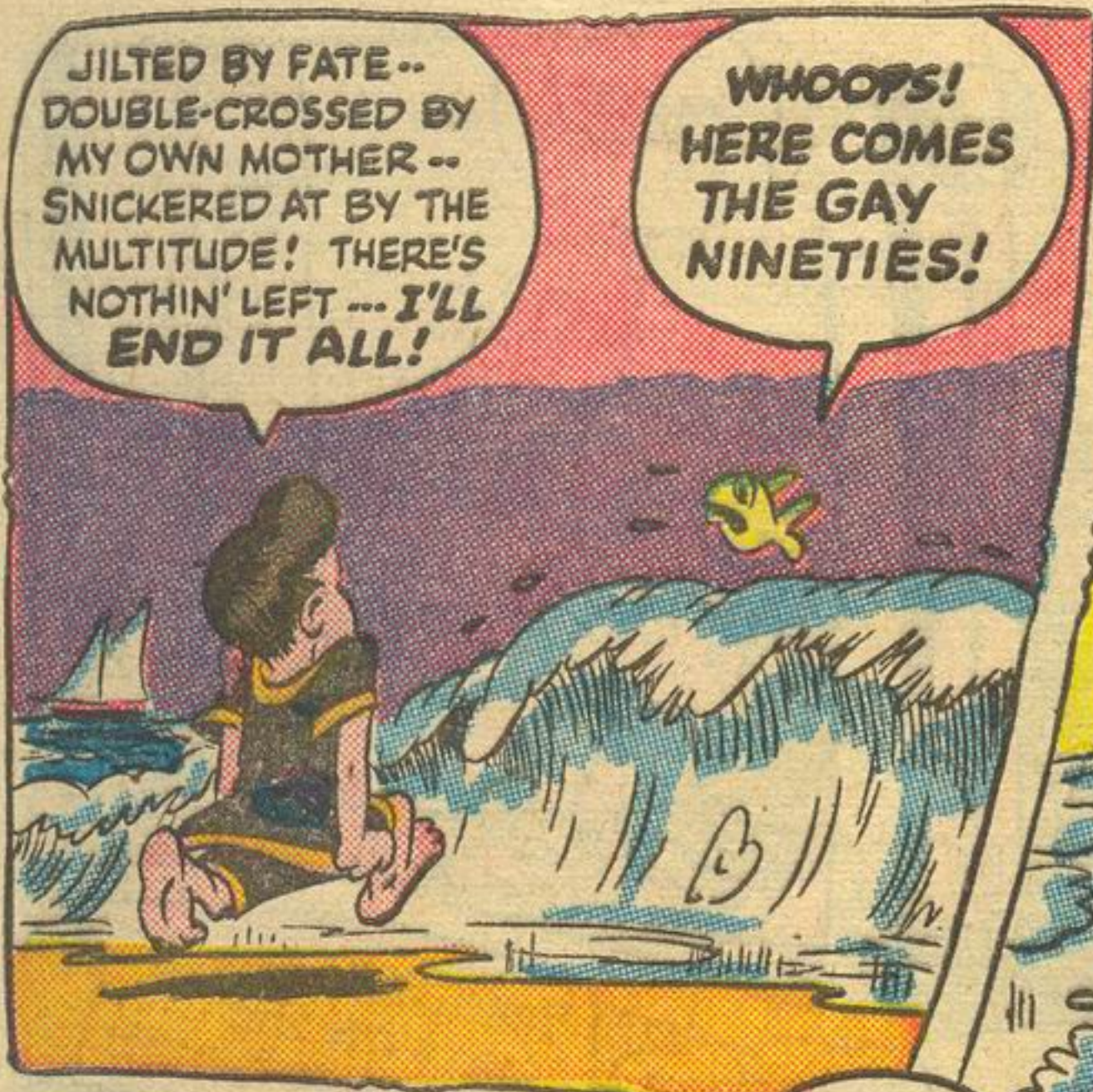
OH,  
YOU  
KID!

IT'S --HA-HA!  
--COOKIE!  
ISN'T HE A  
SCA-REAM?

AND WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE,  
COMEDIAN?

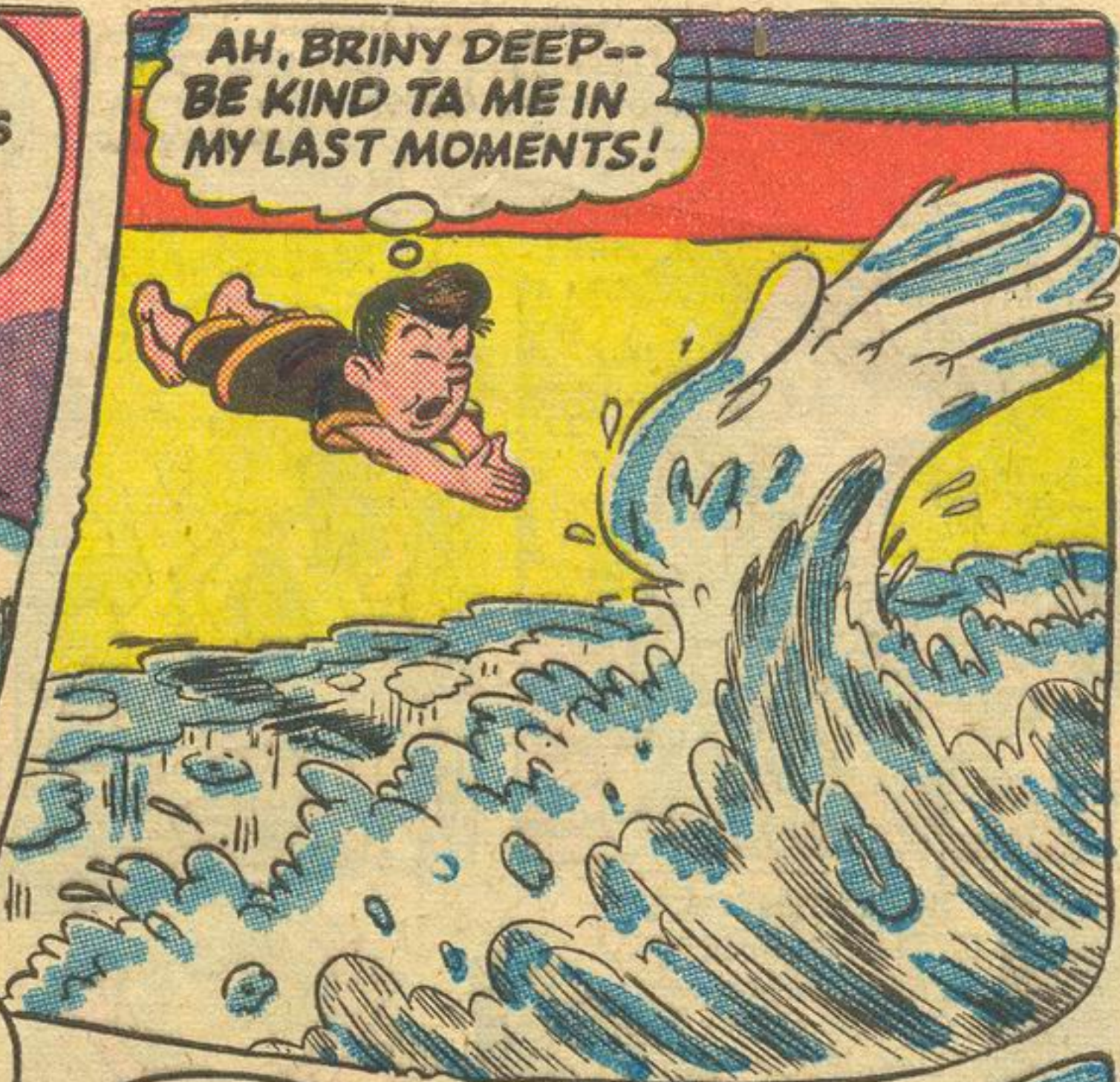






JILTED BY FATE--  
DOUBLE-CROSSED BY  
MY OWN MOTHER--  
SNICKERED AT BY THE  
MULTITUDE! THERE'S  
NOTHIN' LEFT-- I'LL  
END IT ALL!

WHOOOPS!  
HERE COMES  
THE GAY  
NINETIES!



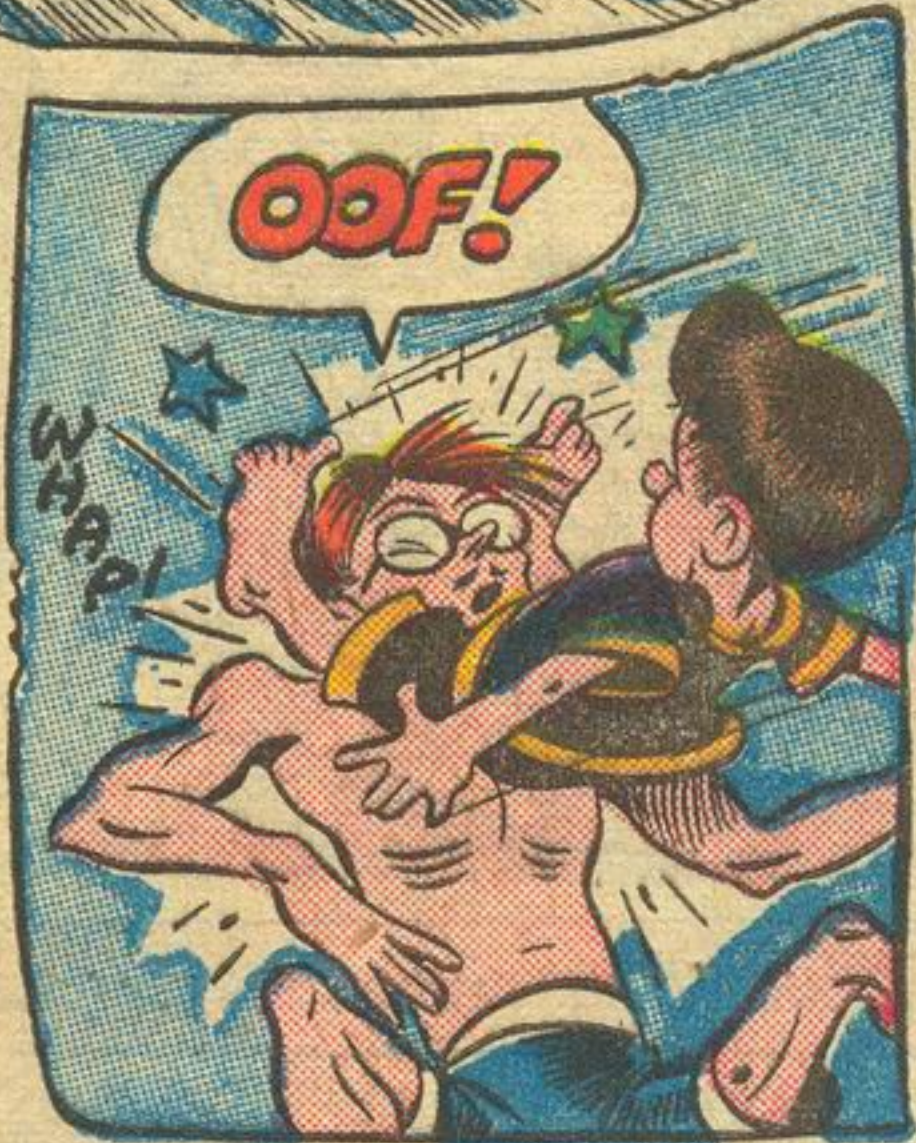
AH, BRINY DEEP--  
BE KIND TA ME IN  
MY LAST MOMENTS!



WHAP!

TWENTY-  
THREE  
SKIDOO,  
BUB!

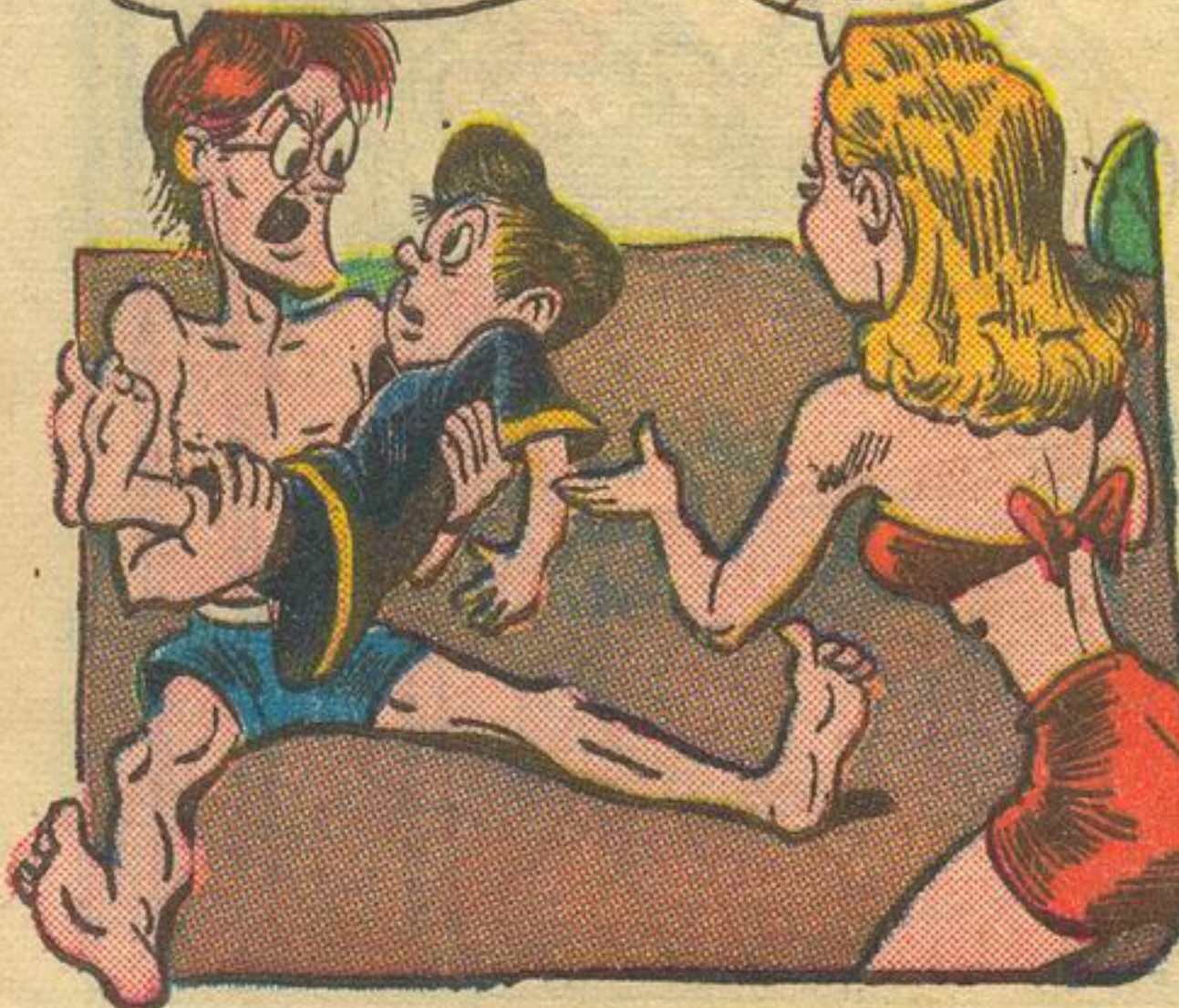
"I hope to  
see my pilot  
face to face,  
When I have  
crost the  
bar!"



OOF!

BEAR IN MIND, O'TOOLE,  
THE FINAL WORDS OF  
THE GLADIATORS! ...  
"We who are  
about to die..."

OH, PLEASE,  
PROFESSOR  
MARRYBORE!  
REMEMBER  
HE'S JUST A  
BOY ...



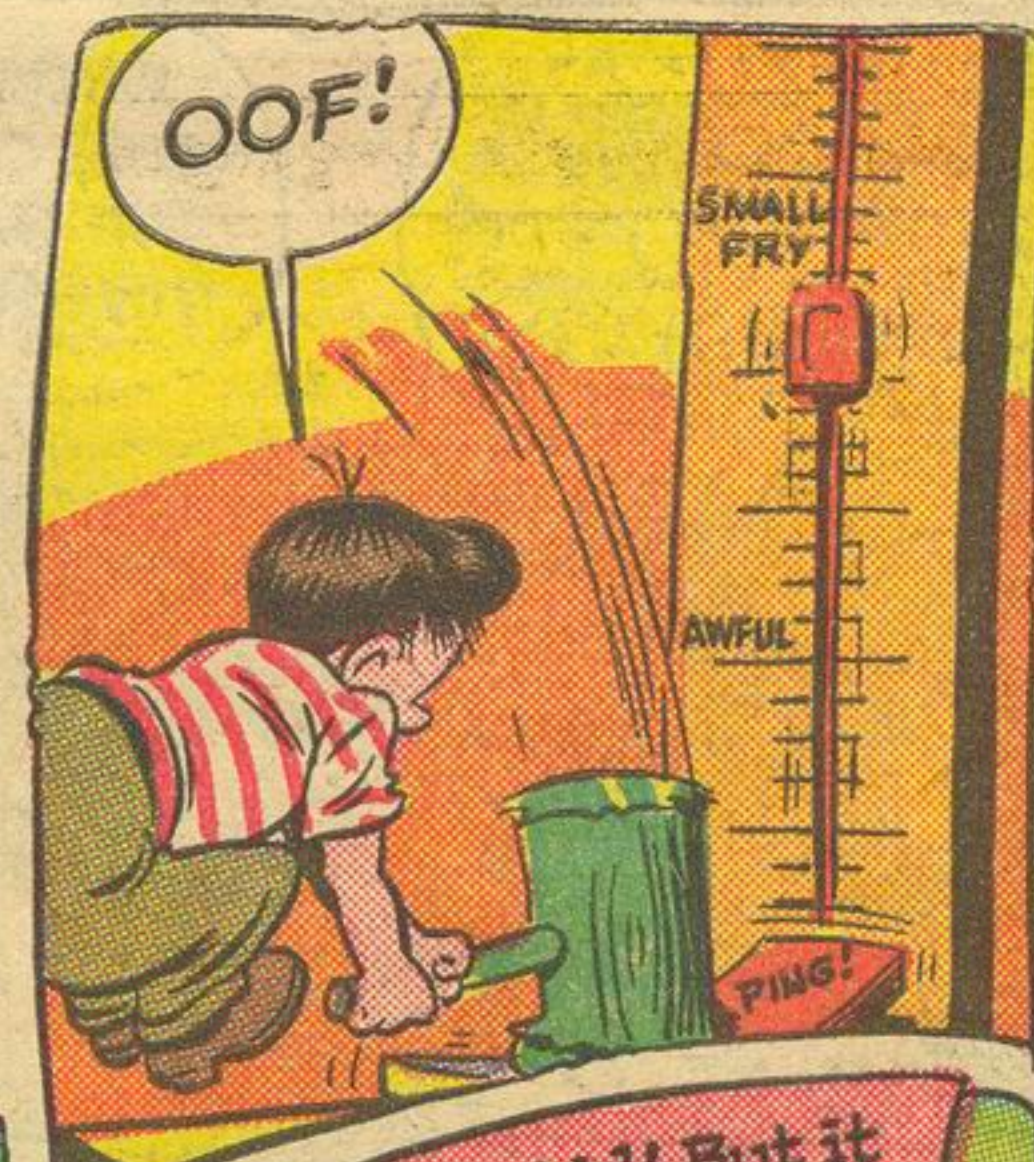
...AND I'D FEEL RESPONSIBLE  
TO HIS MOTHER IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENED TO HIM! LET'S  
DRESS AND TAKE  
HIM HOME!

VERY WELL,  
MY DEAR MISS  
WITHERSPOON!  
AS YOU SAY!

TCH, TCH!  
POOR  
COOK!



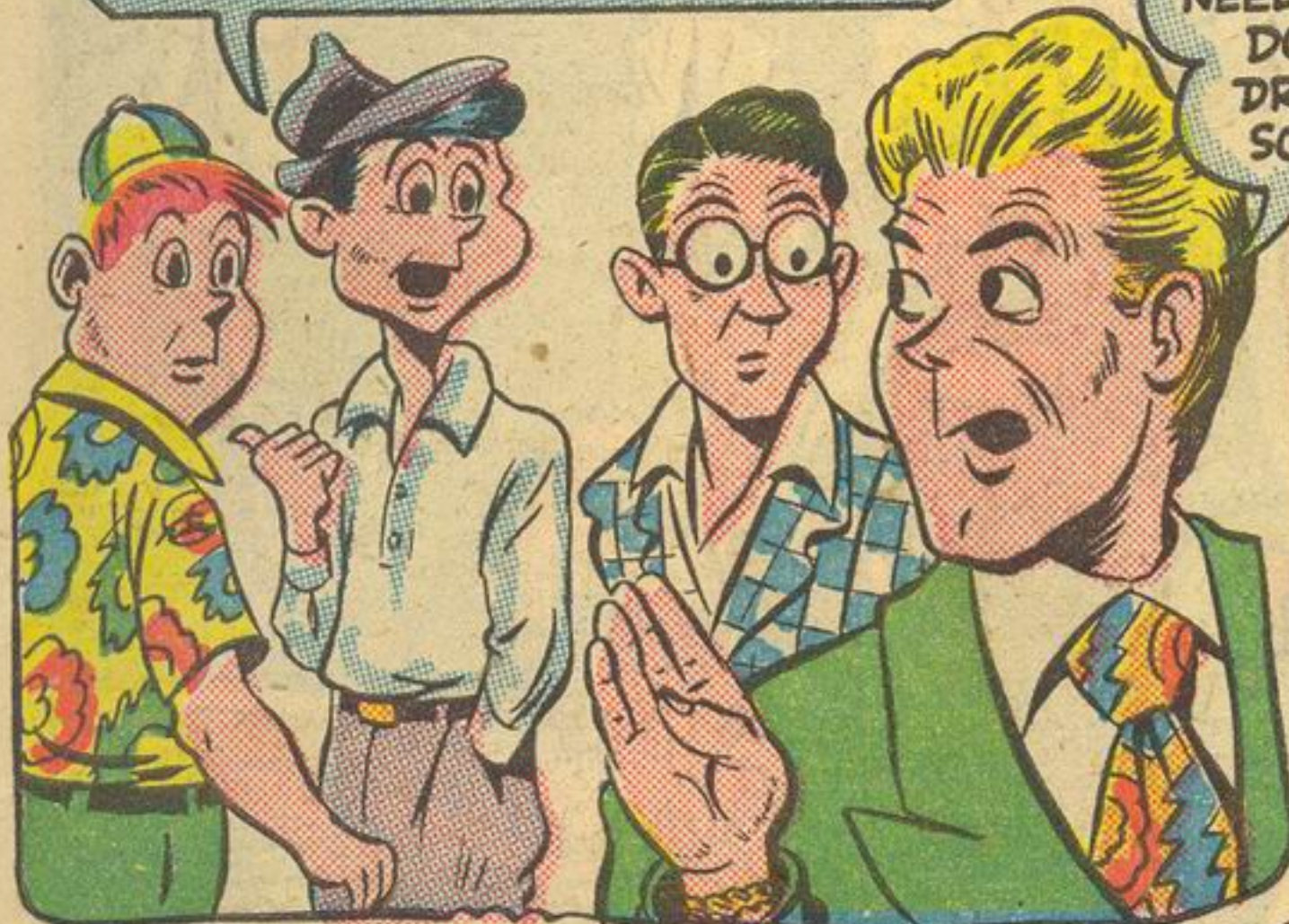






Meanwhile, what's the gang up to?

HEP HERE SAYS HE SAW ANGELPUSS, COOKIE AN' THE PROF TAKIN' IN THE AMUSEMENTS! LET'S AMSCRAY OVER AN' SEE IF WE CAN'T PUT OL' MARRYBORE ON THE SPOT, HUH?



SURE, MYRTLE--I KNOW! I'M HANDSOME AN' I'M A KEEN DRESSER --BUT SO WOT? SHE STILL FALLS FER A SKINNY POET!

I'LL JOIN YA LATER! I NEED A HOT DOG TA DROWN MY SORROWS!



GEEE-EE, KID, I THINK YER ON THE BEAM! I MEAN, THERE'S NOTHIN' I WOULDN'T DO FER A GUY LIKE YOUSE!



YEAH? SAY-- MAYBE YA CAN PROVE THAT BY DOIN' ME A BIG FAVOR! HOW'S ABOUT IT?

WELL --PROMISE YA'LL DATE LITTLE MOITIE FER THE PLUMBERS' BRAWL TONIGHT, AN'---

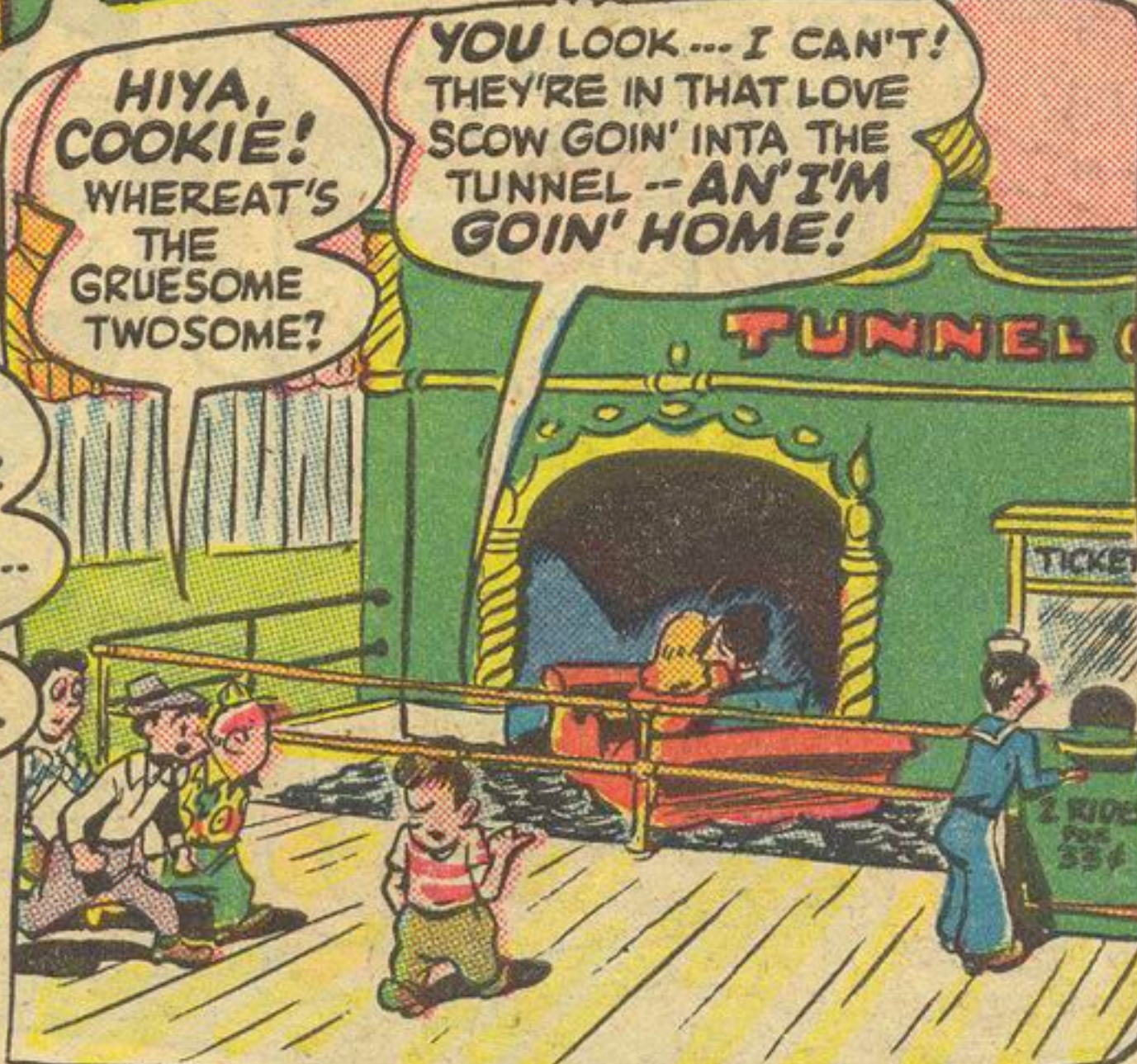
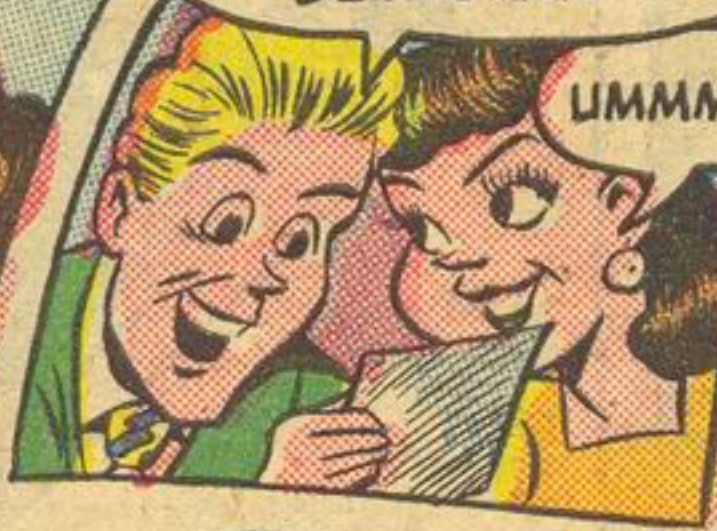
HIYA, COOKIE! WHEREAT'S THE GRUESOME TWOSOME?

YOU LOOK --- I CAN'T! THEY'RE IN THAT LOVE SCOW GOIN' INTO THE TUNNEL --AN' I'M GOIN' HOME!



YEH, YEH, YEH --- ANYTHING!... LOOK --HERE'S HER PICTURE! NOW, THE GUY THAT'S WITH HER... BZZZZ-ZZZ ---

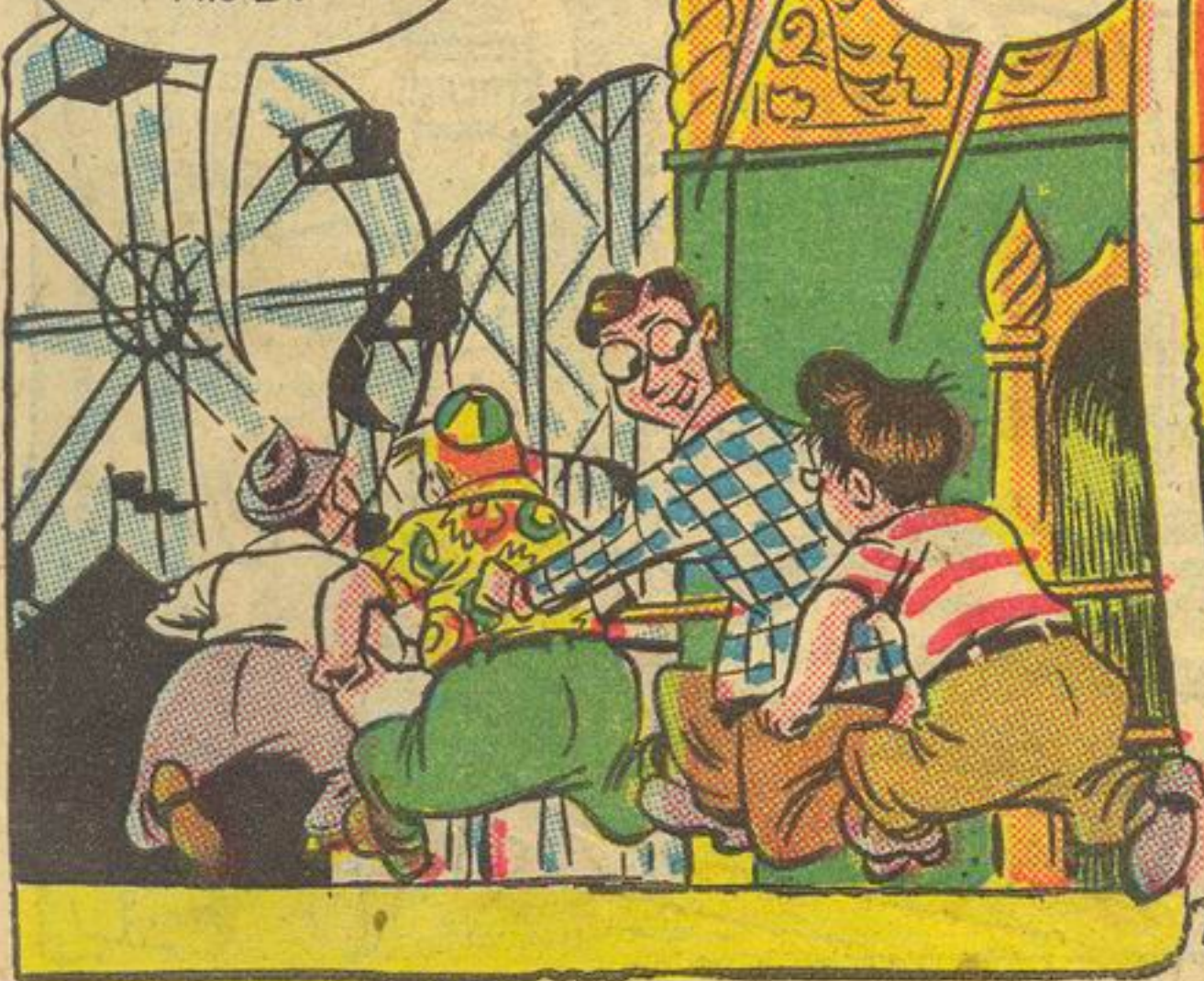
UMMM...



FERGET THAT HOME BUSINESS AN' TRAIL ALONG -- **THIS IS IT!** GRAB A ROPE AN' HEAD FER THE ROOF O' THAT RIDE!

HE'S GOT AN IDEA, COOK! C'MON!

OKAY!

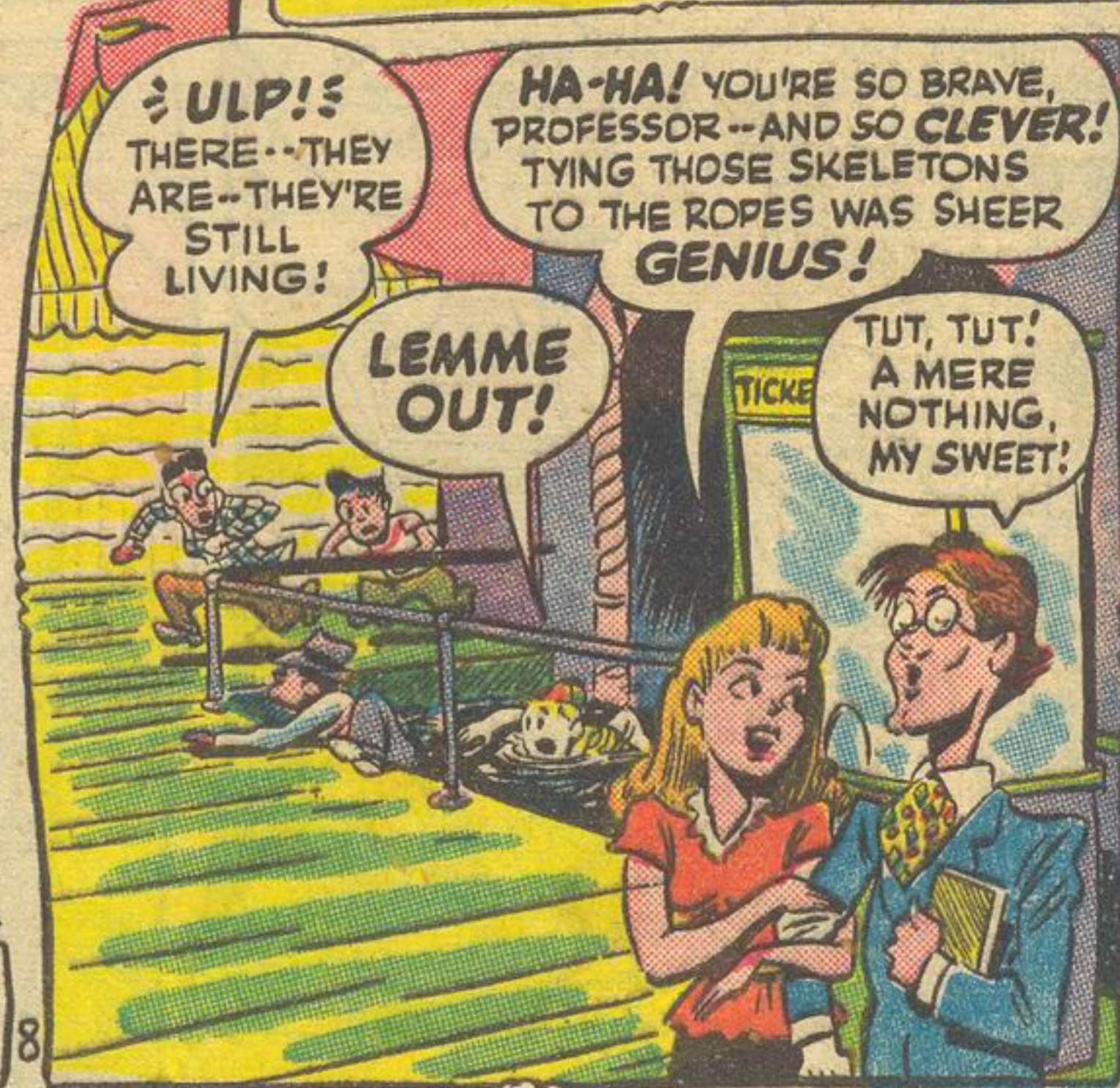
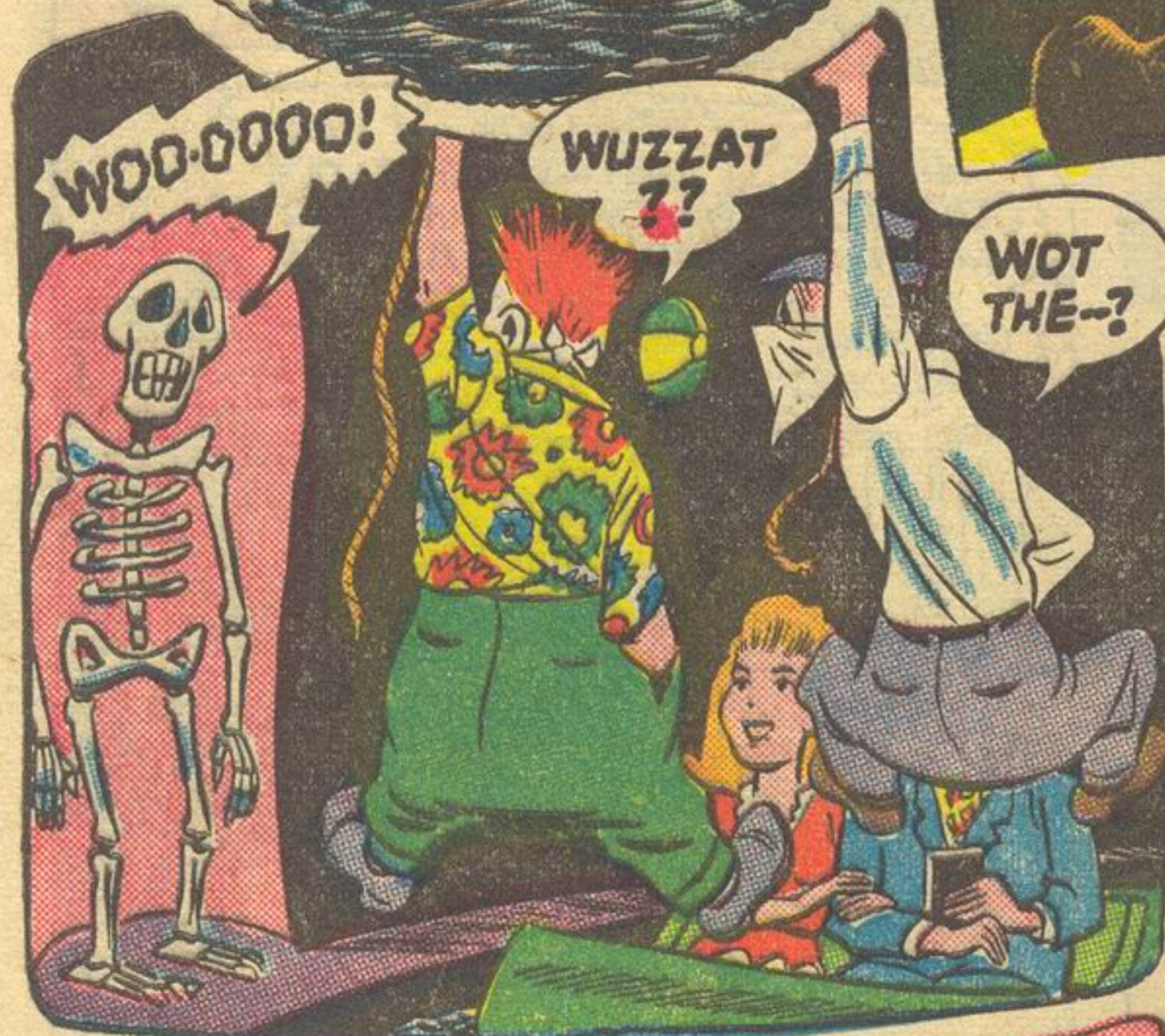


THAT'S IT! GET THAT LID OFF!

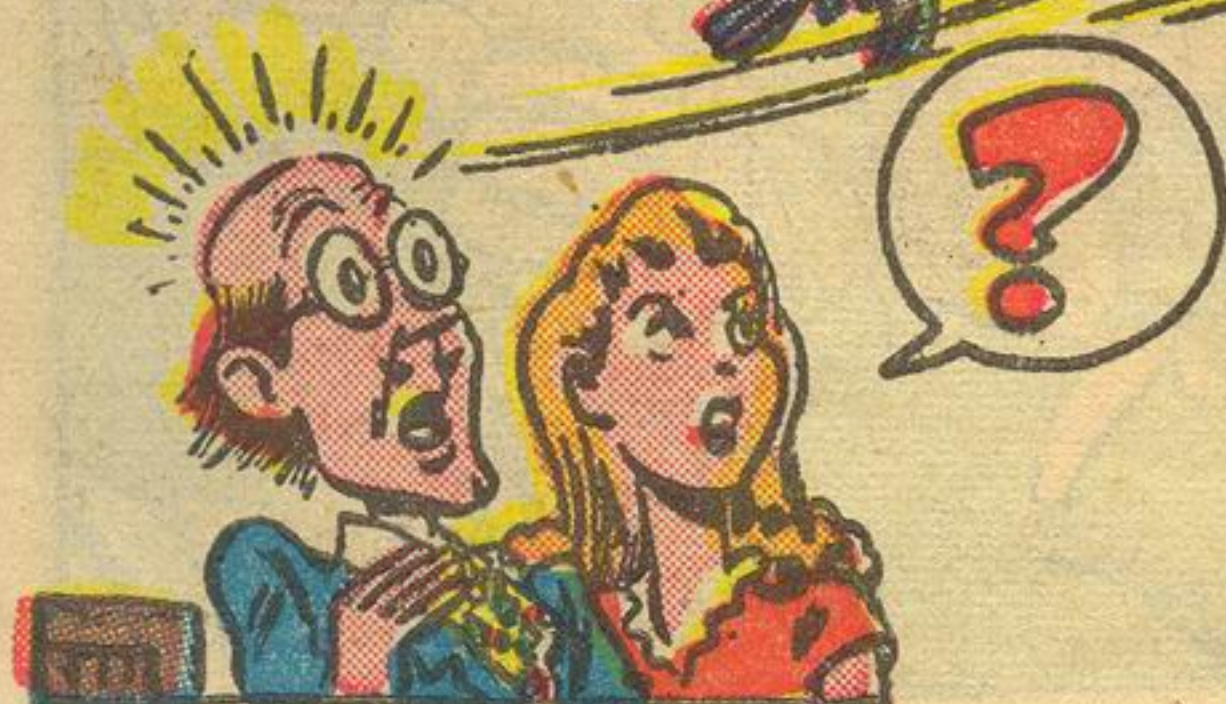
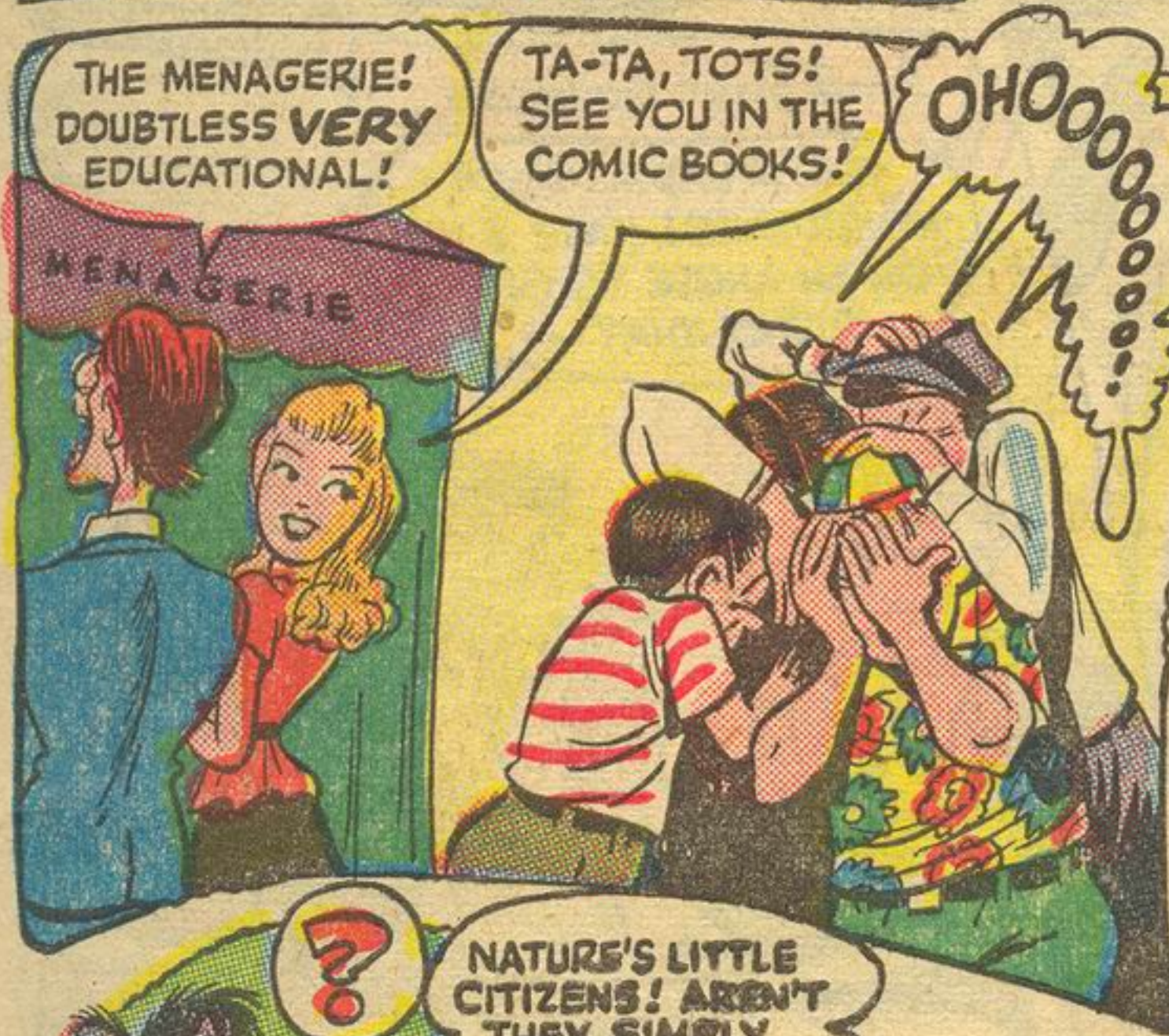
GEE!... DARK, AIN'T IT?



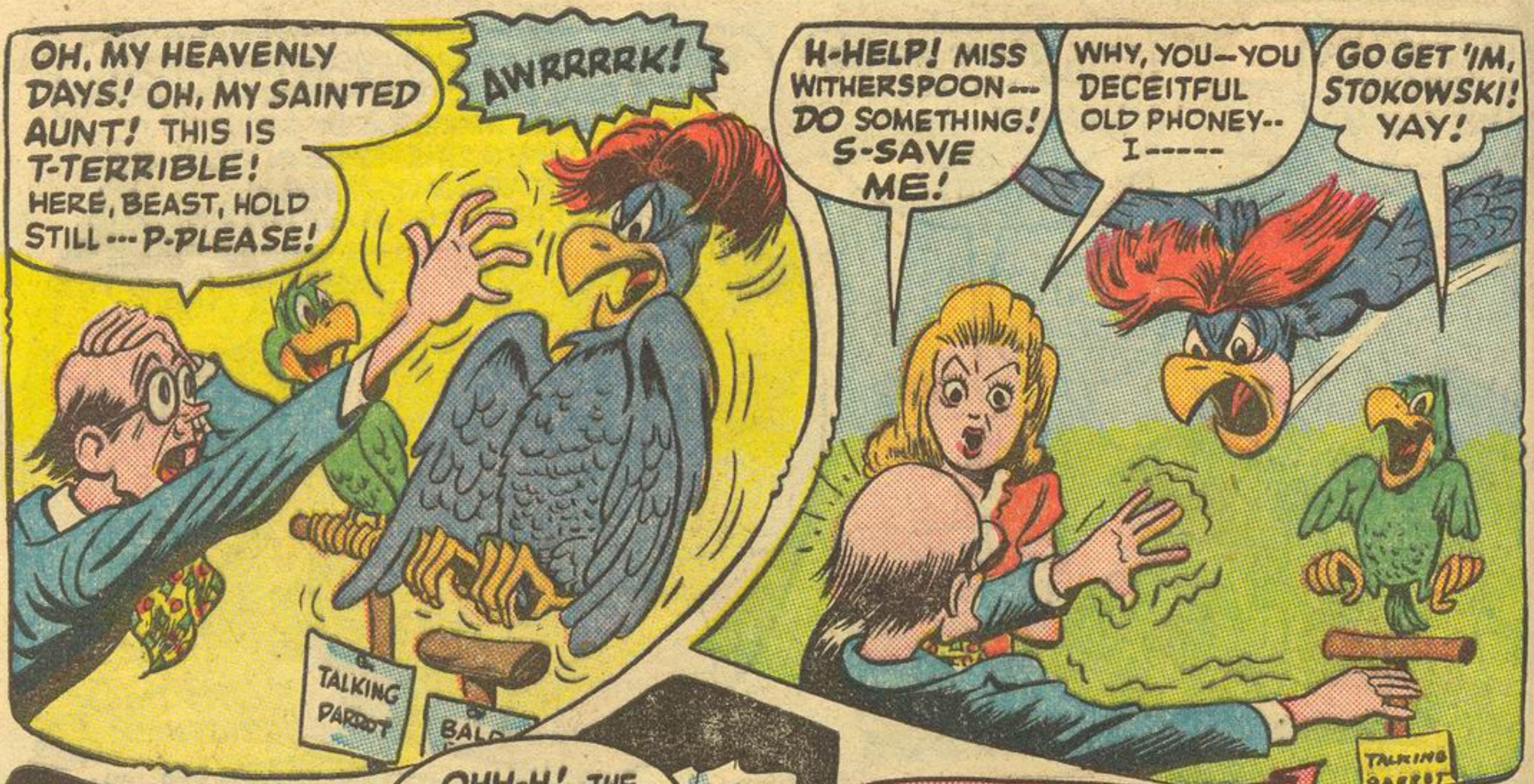




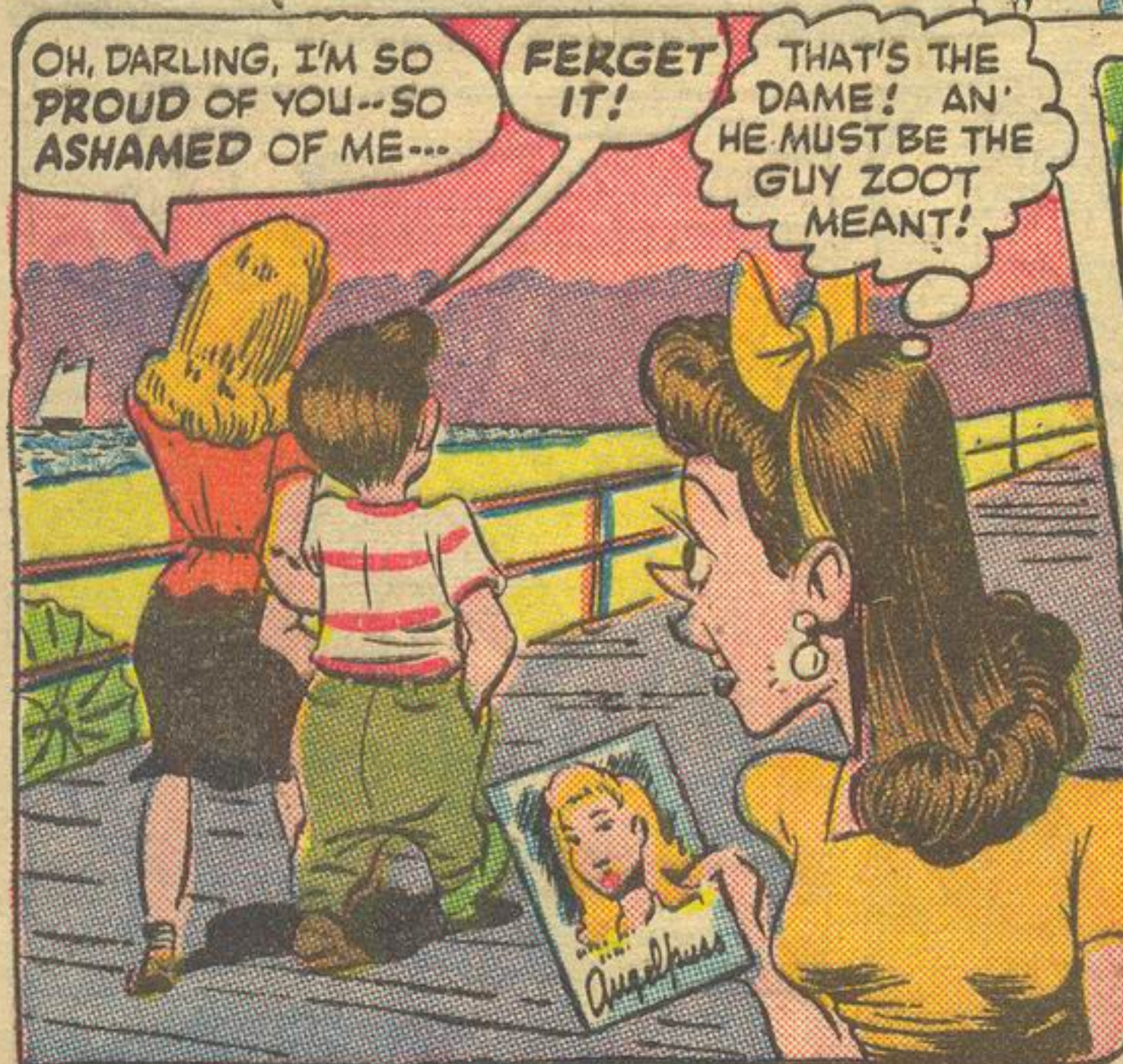
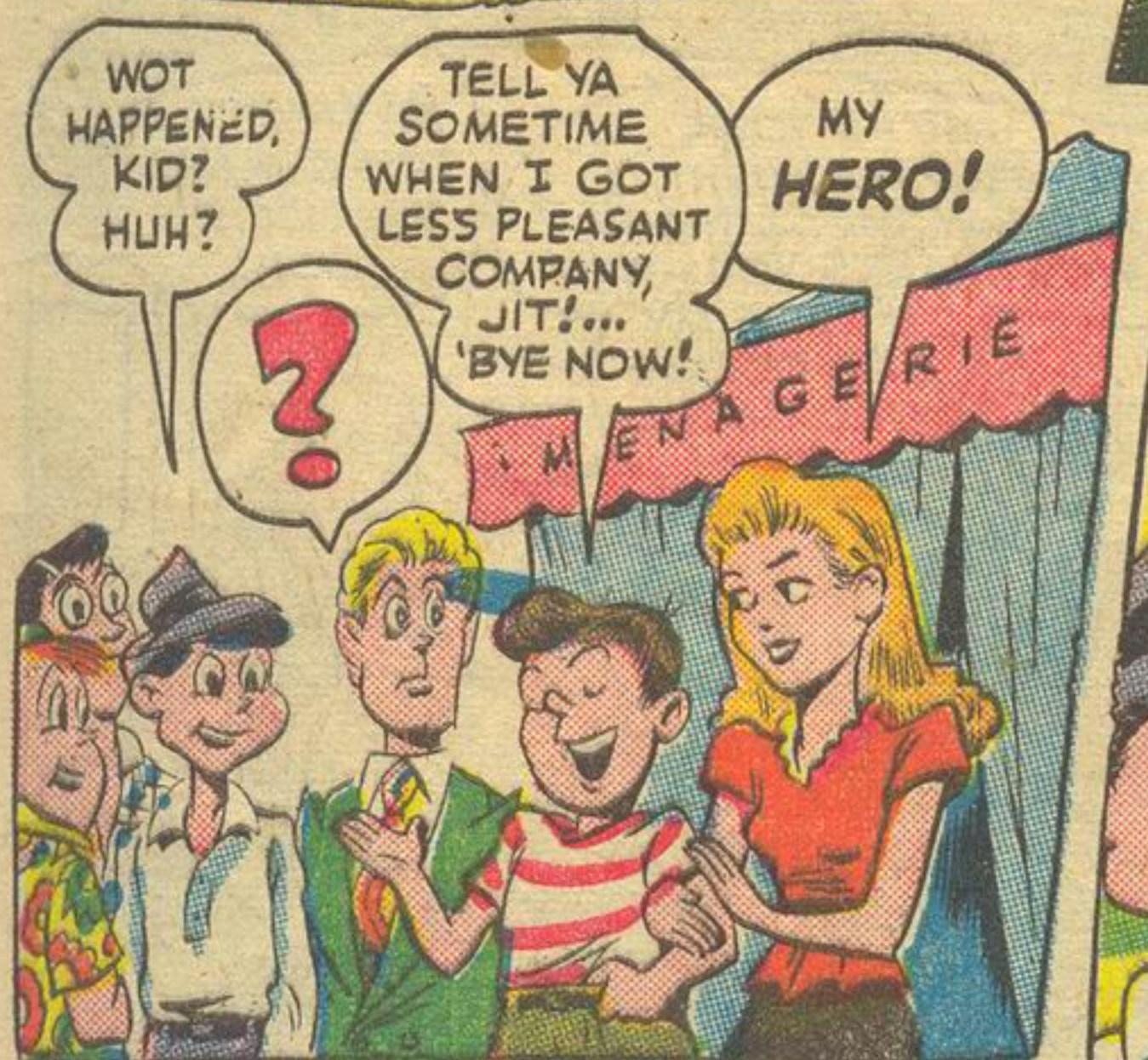




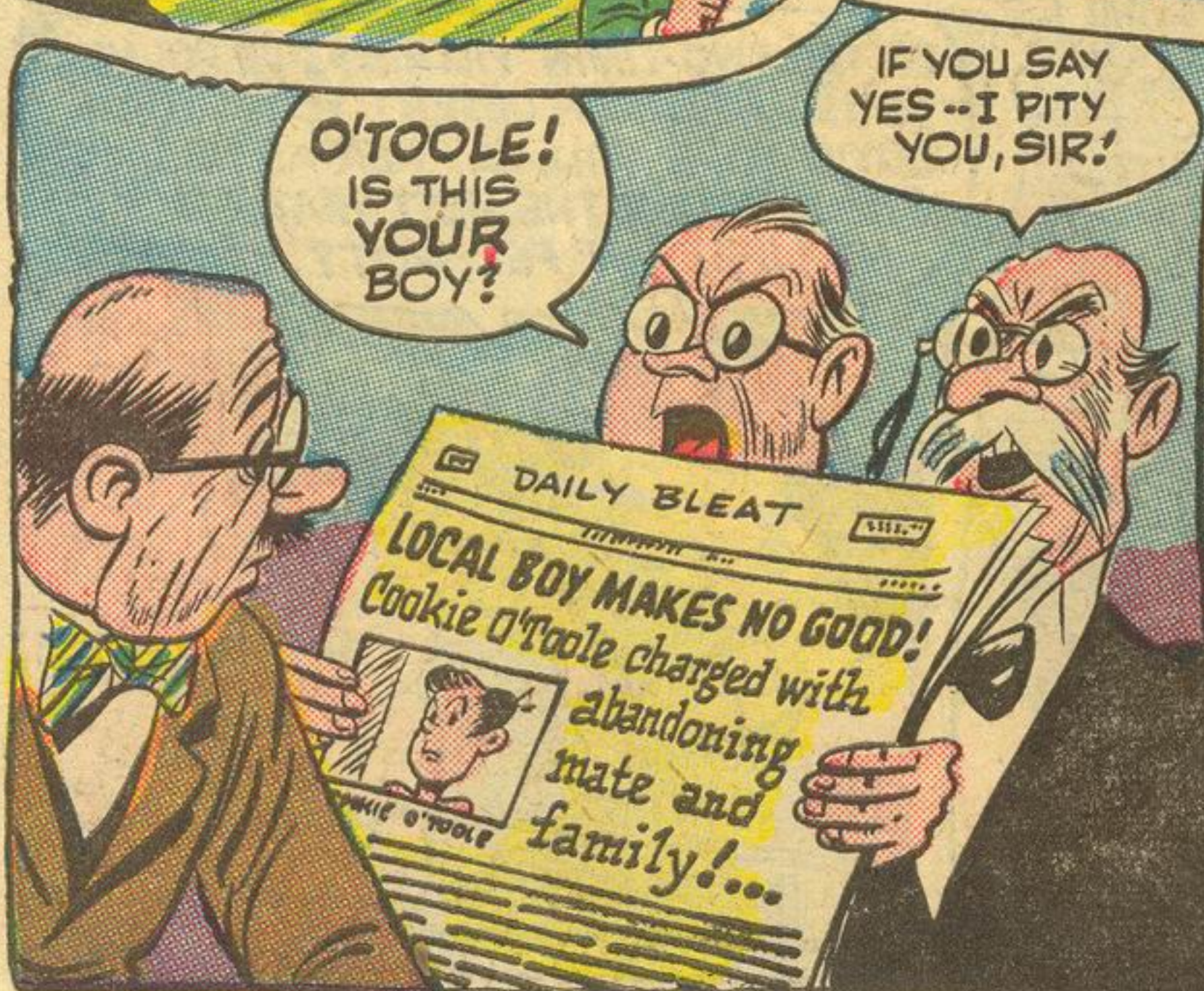
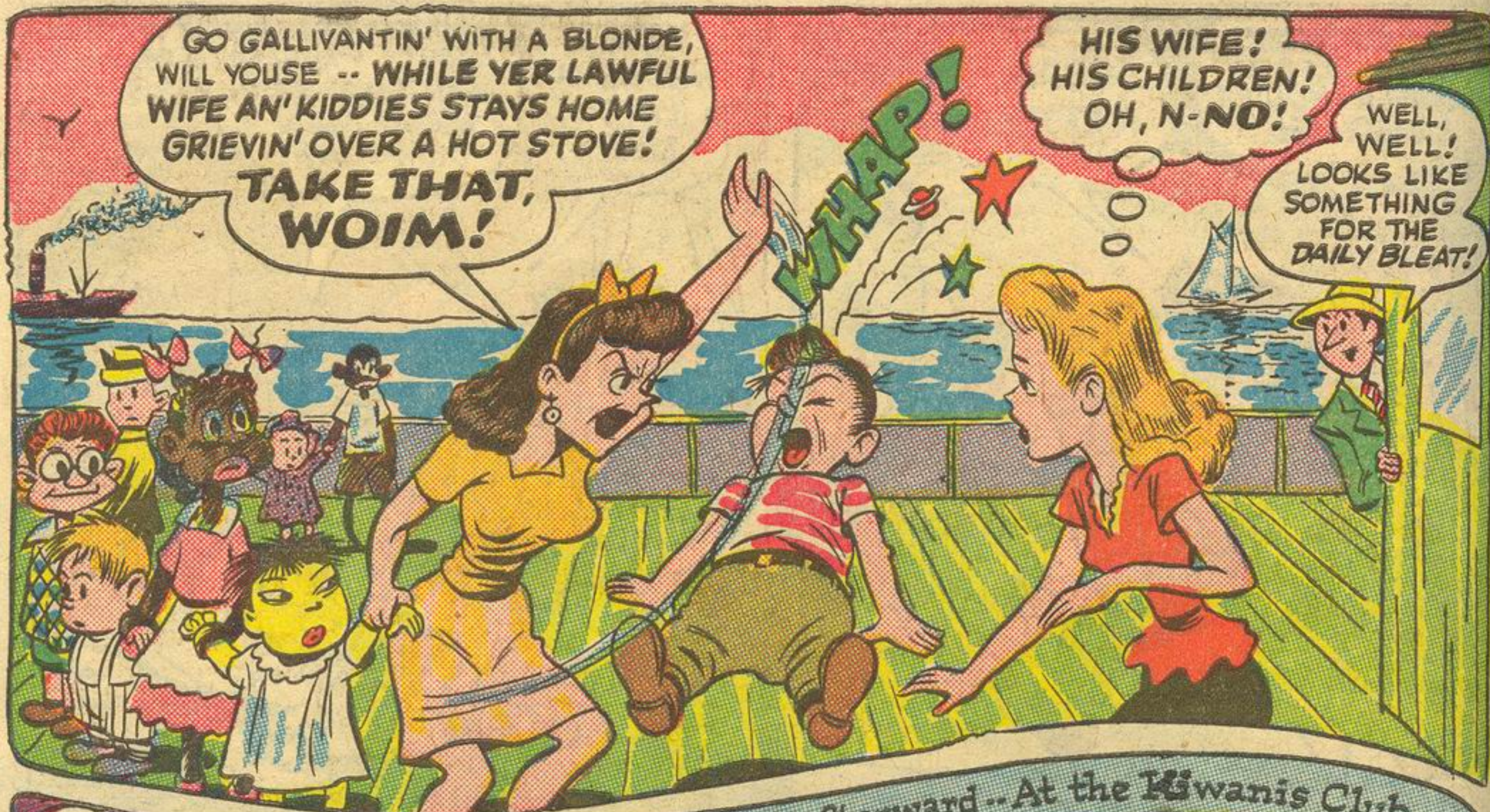














THE PROF'S OUTTA THE WAY, AN' THAT FAKE WIFE  
IDEA O' MINE SURE PUT COOKIE ON THE SKIDS!  
AN' NOW, TA MAKE SURE O' LININ' MYSELF UP  
SOLID WITH ANGELPUSS, I'M GONNA GREASE  
THOSE SKIDS! BOY--SOMETIMES I'M  
SO SMART, I AWE MYSELF!



MY SCHEMES ARE GETTIN'  
BETTER ALL THE TIME!



CALL ALL THE NEWSPAPERS! ALERT  
THE FORCE! PUT OUT THE DRAGNET!  
BUT BRING THAT BIGAMIST IN!



HERE'S ONE FROM MRS. TALLULAH  
O'TOOLE--AN' ANOTHER FROM MRS. MING  
TOY O'TOOLE--AN' ANOTHER FROM  
MRS. ANGELINA O'TOOLE--  
HOW MANY  
WIVES HAS  
THAT KID  
GOT?



WOW!



STILL--STILL--...  
IT'S TRUE!

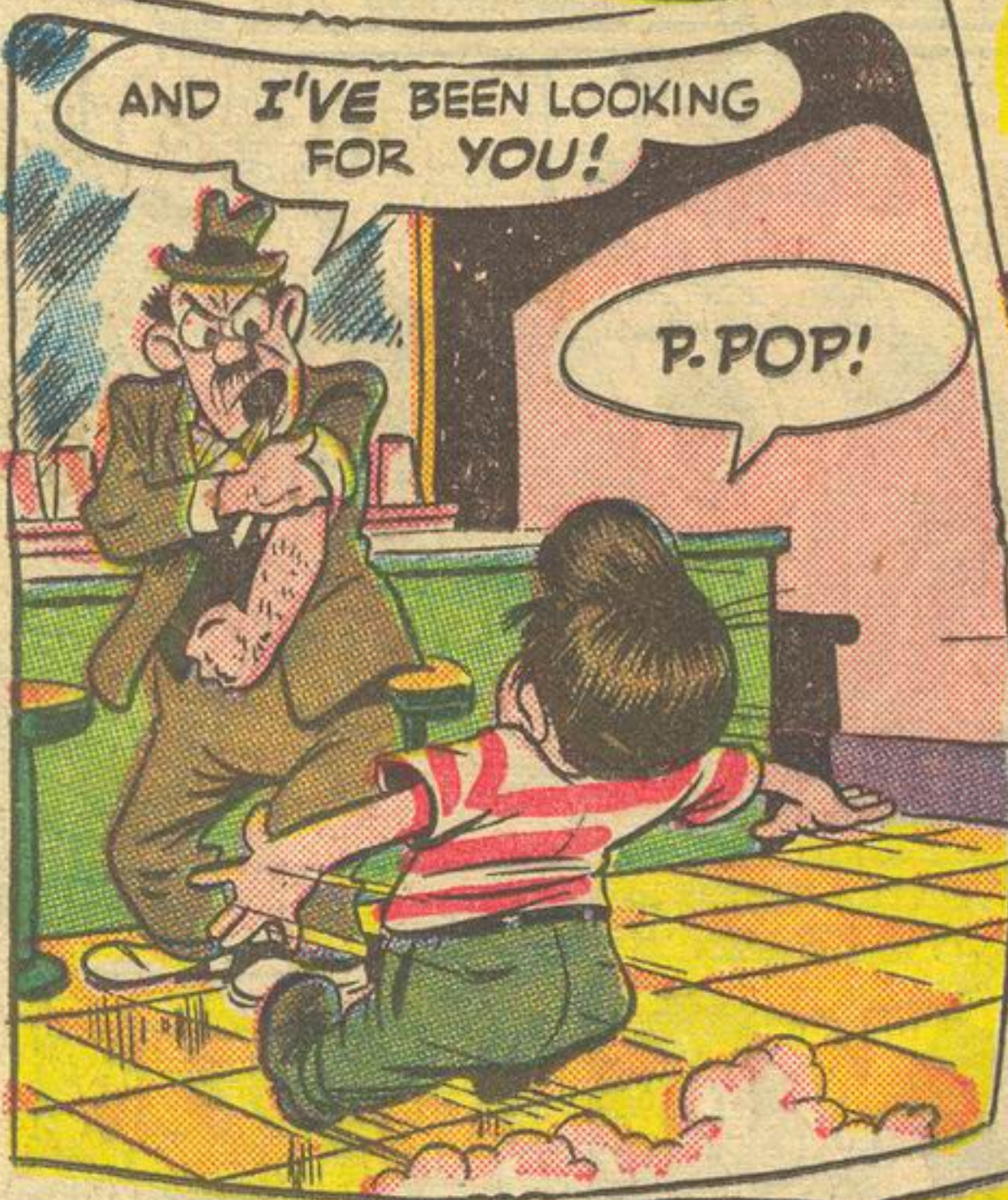
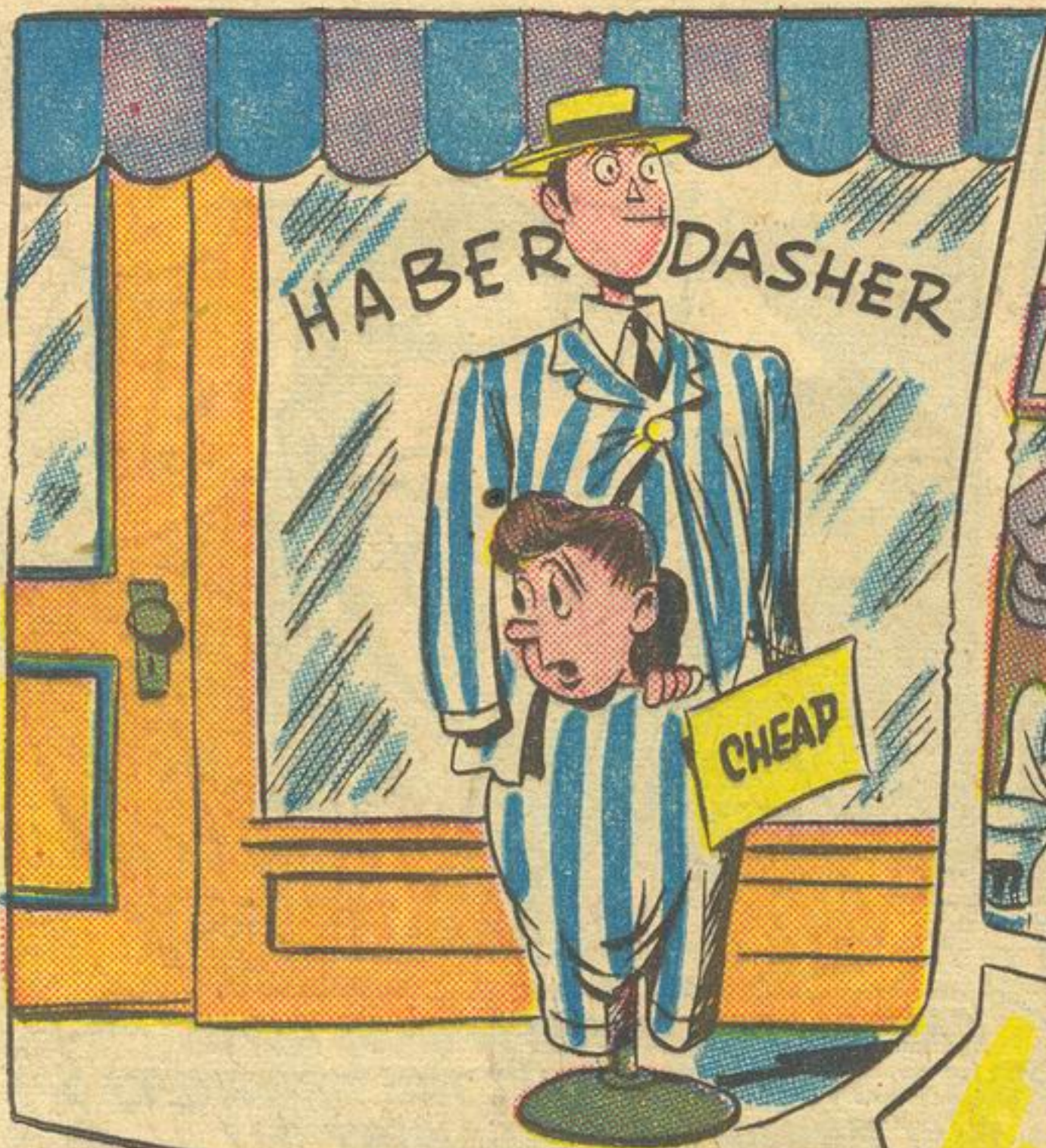
OUR  
SON! OUR  
SON!



DANG!  
DANG!  
DANG!





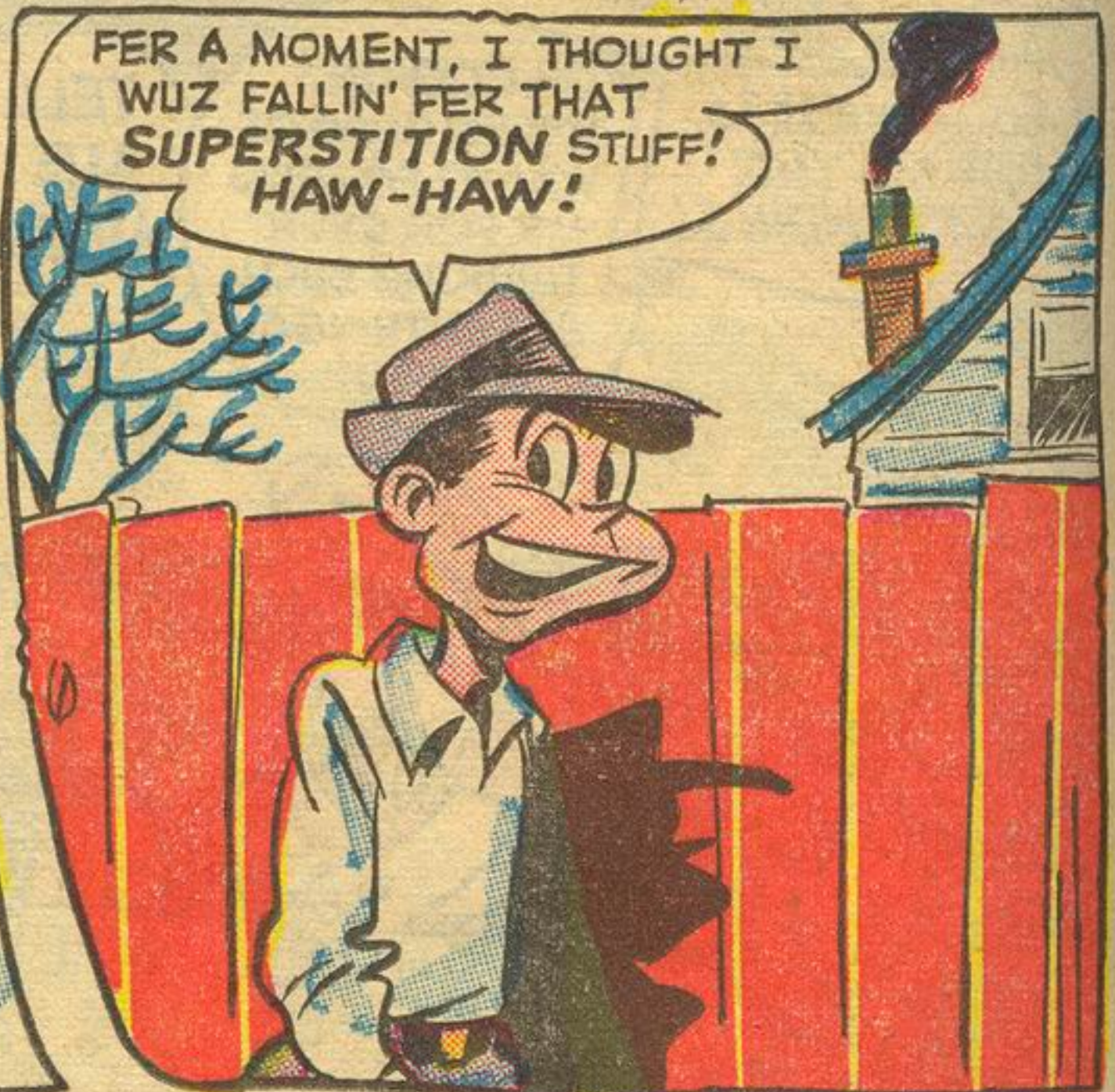
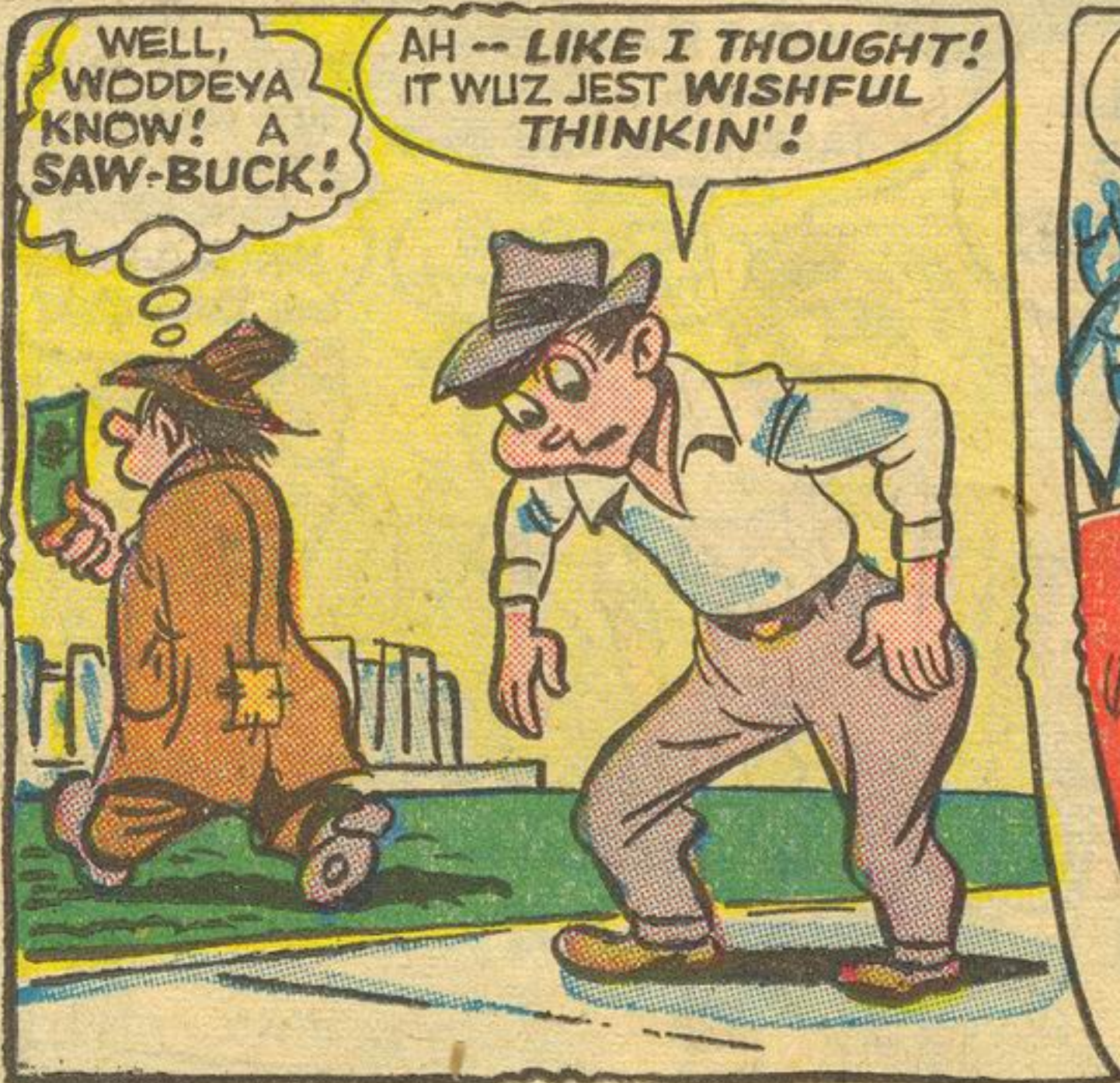
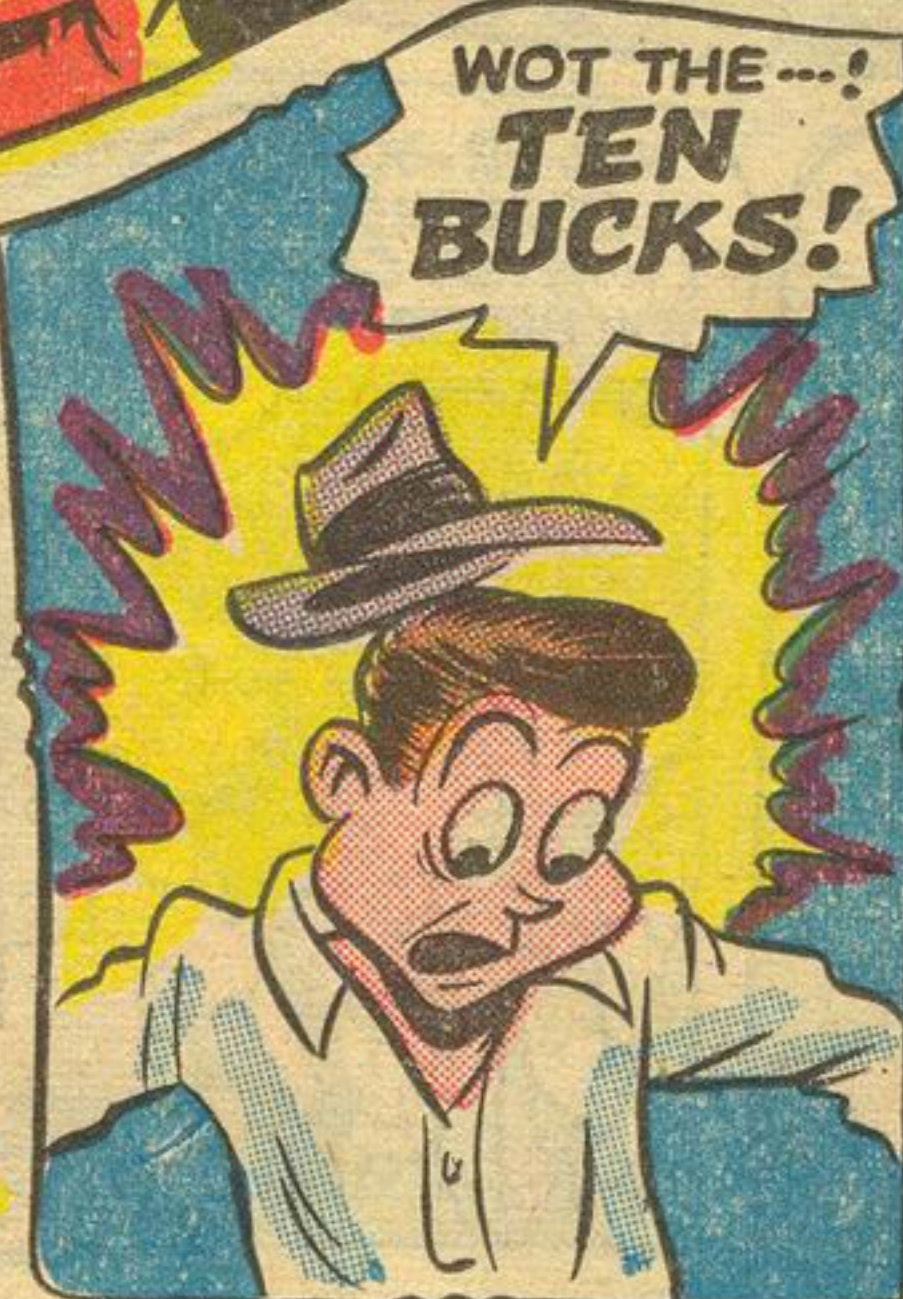








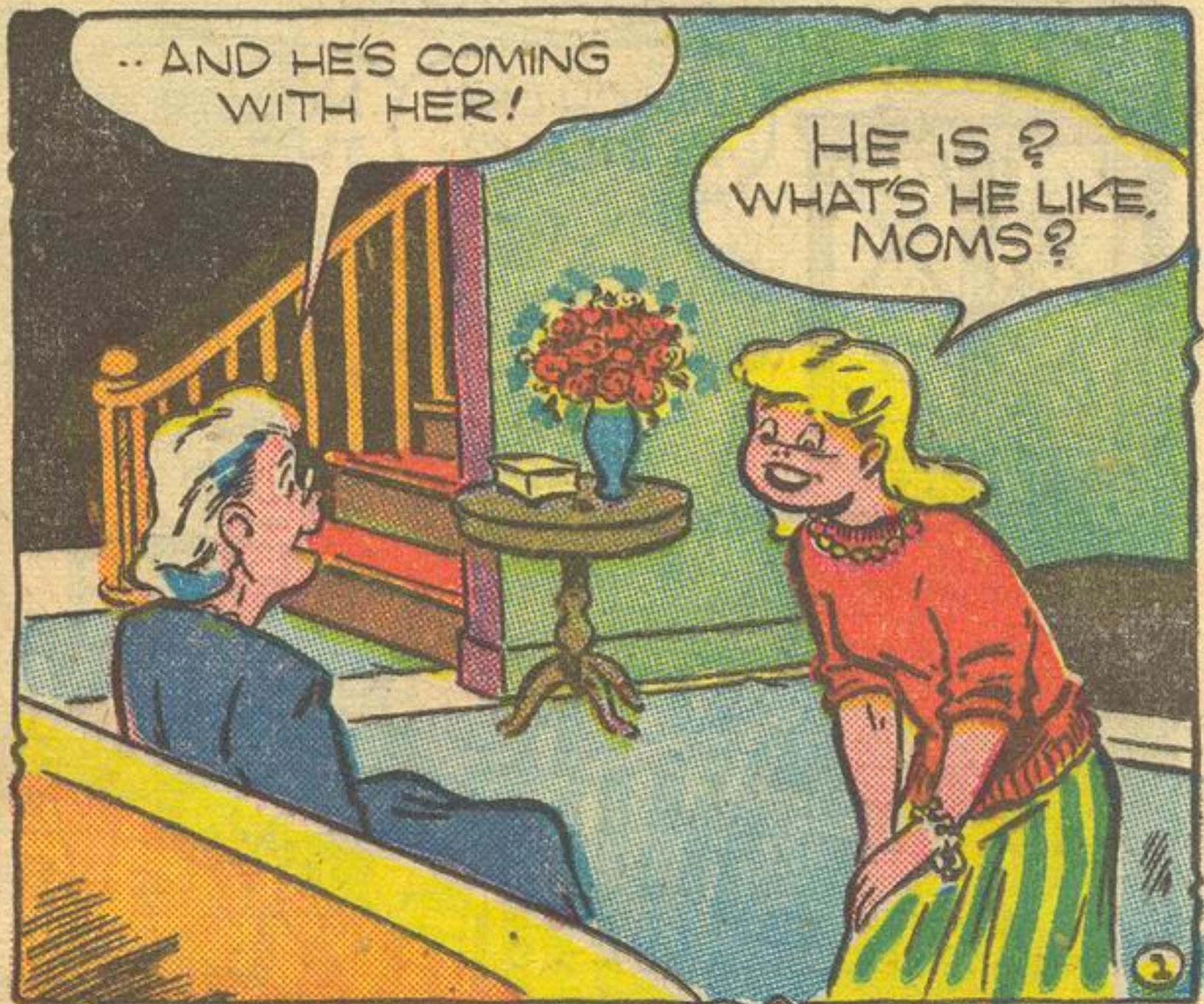
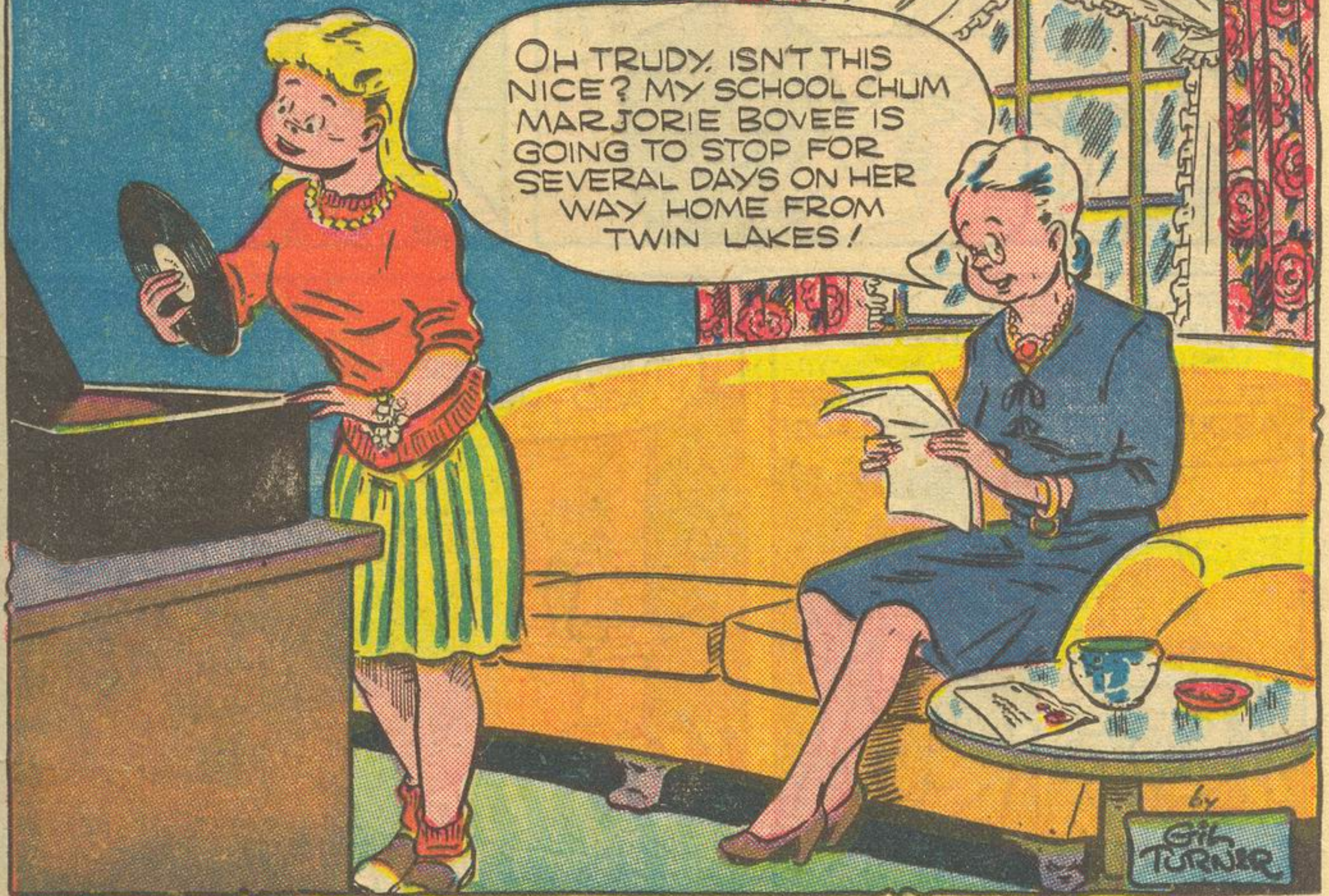
# JITTERBUCK



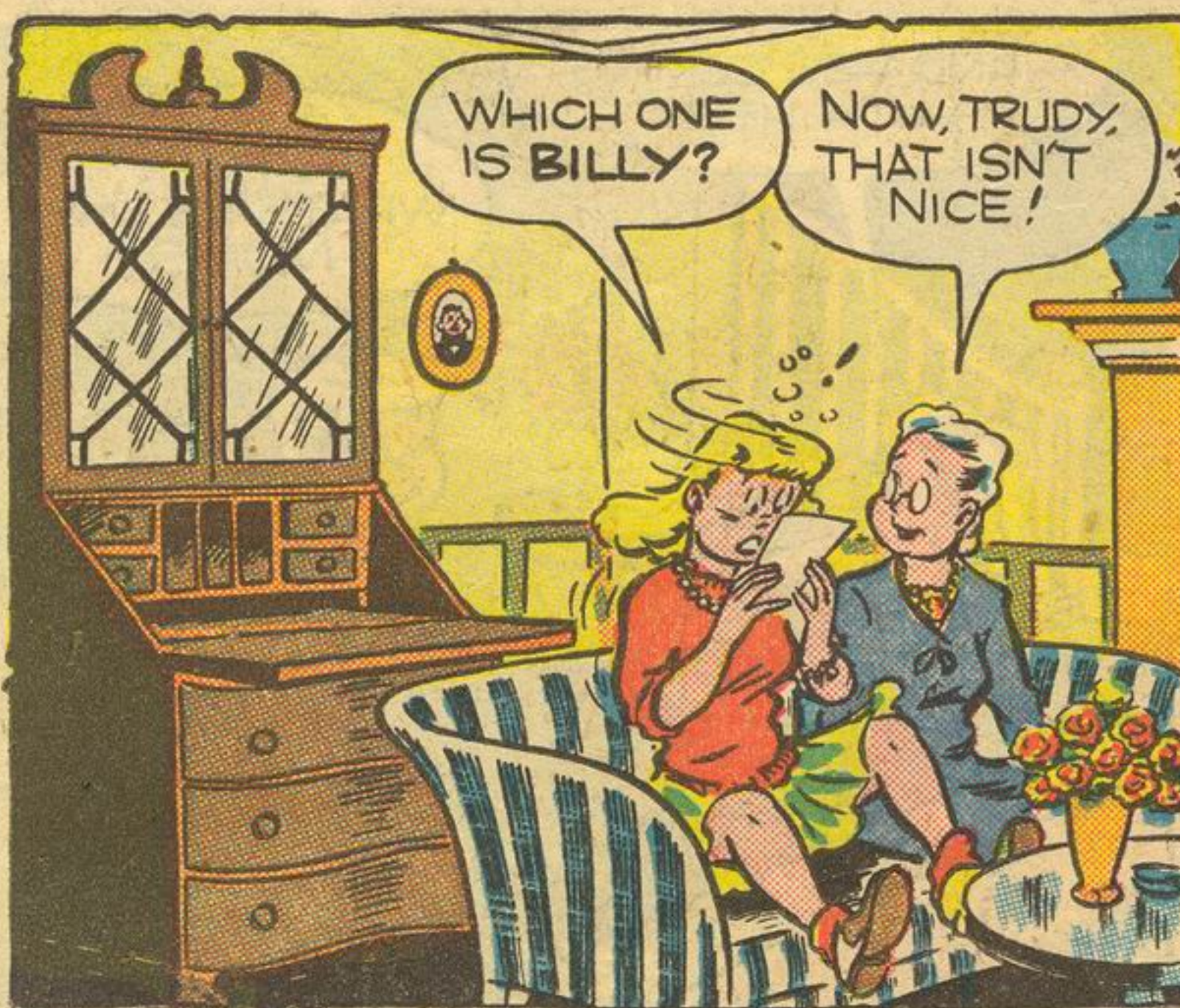
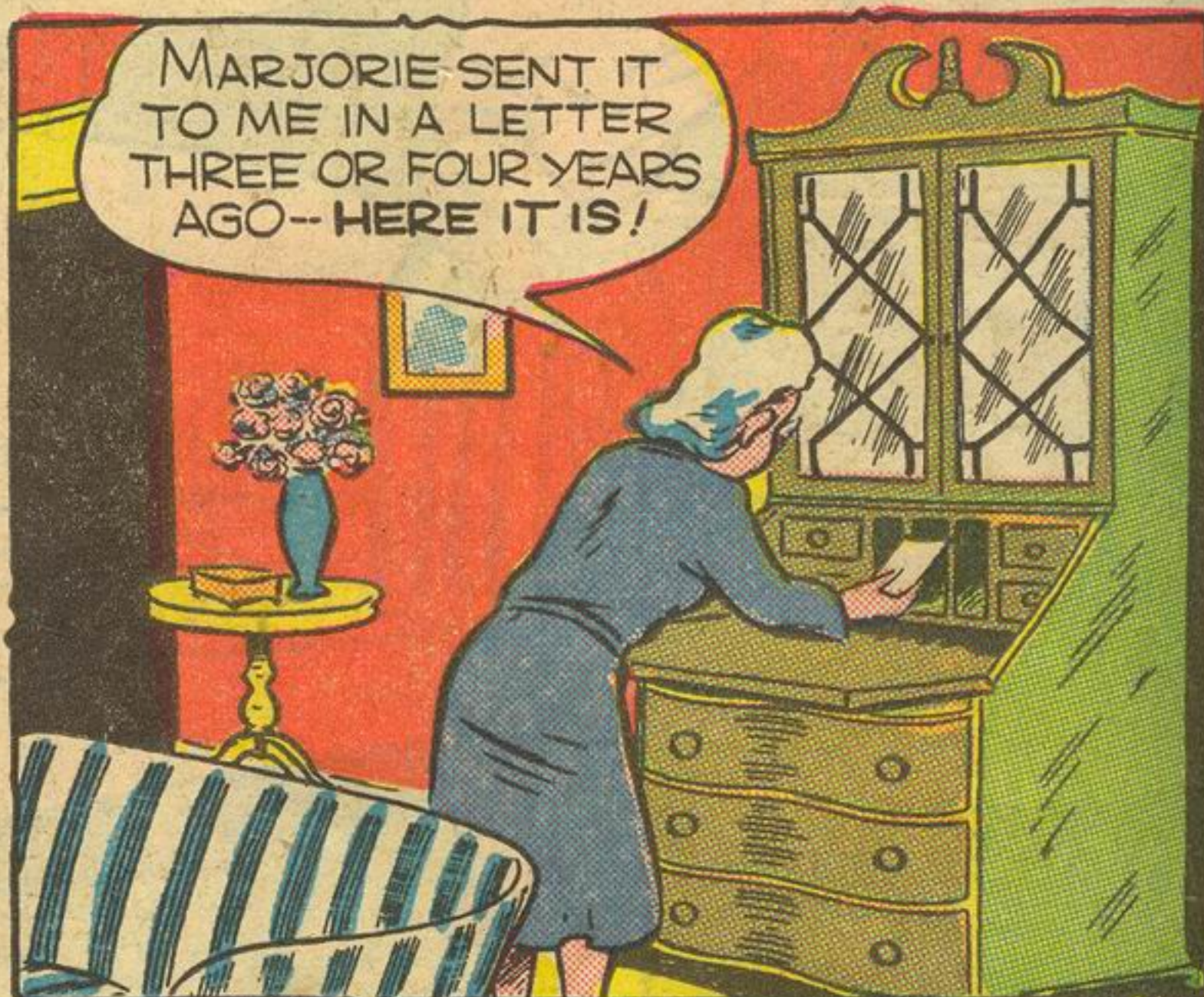
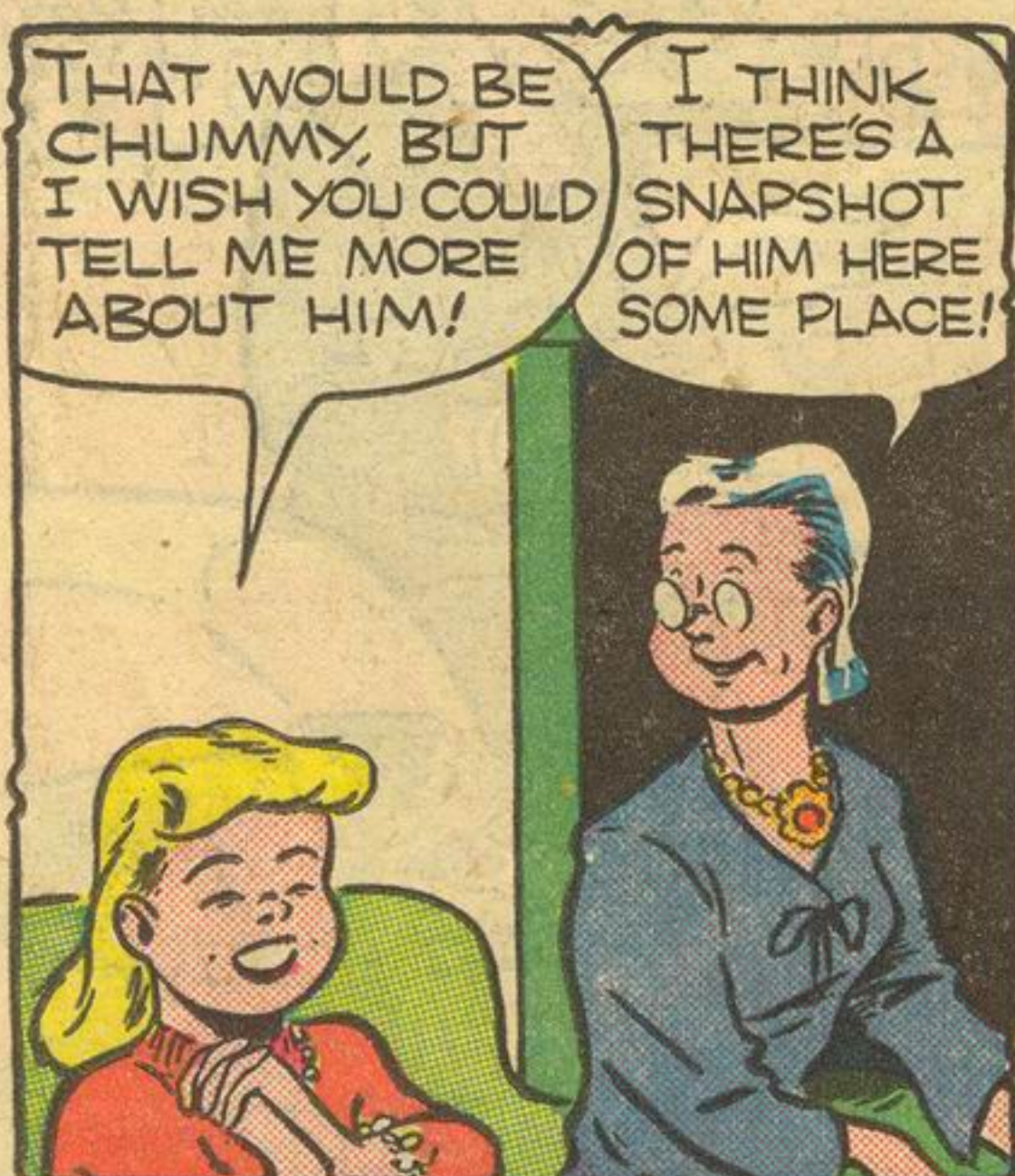


# Trudy

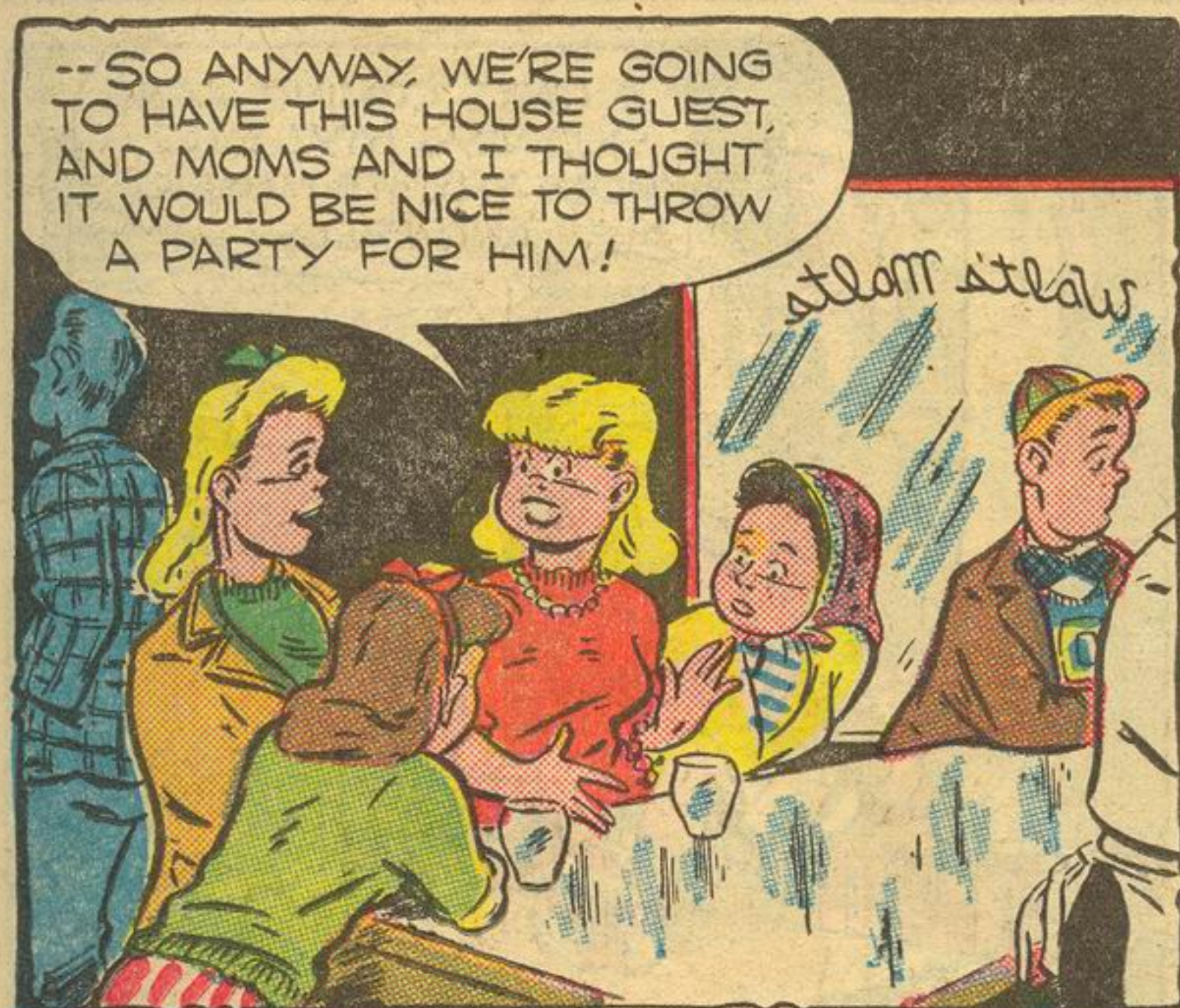
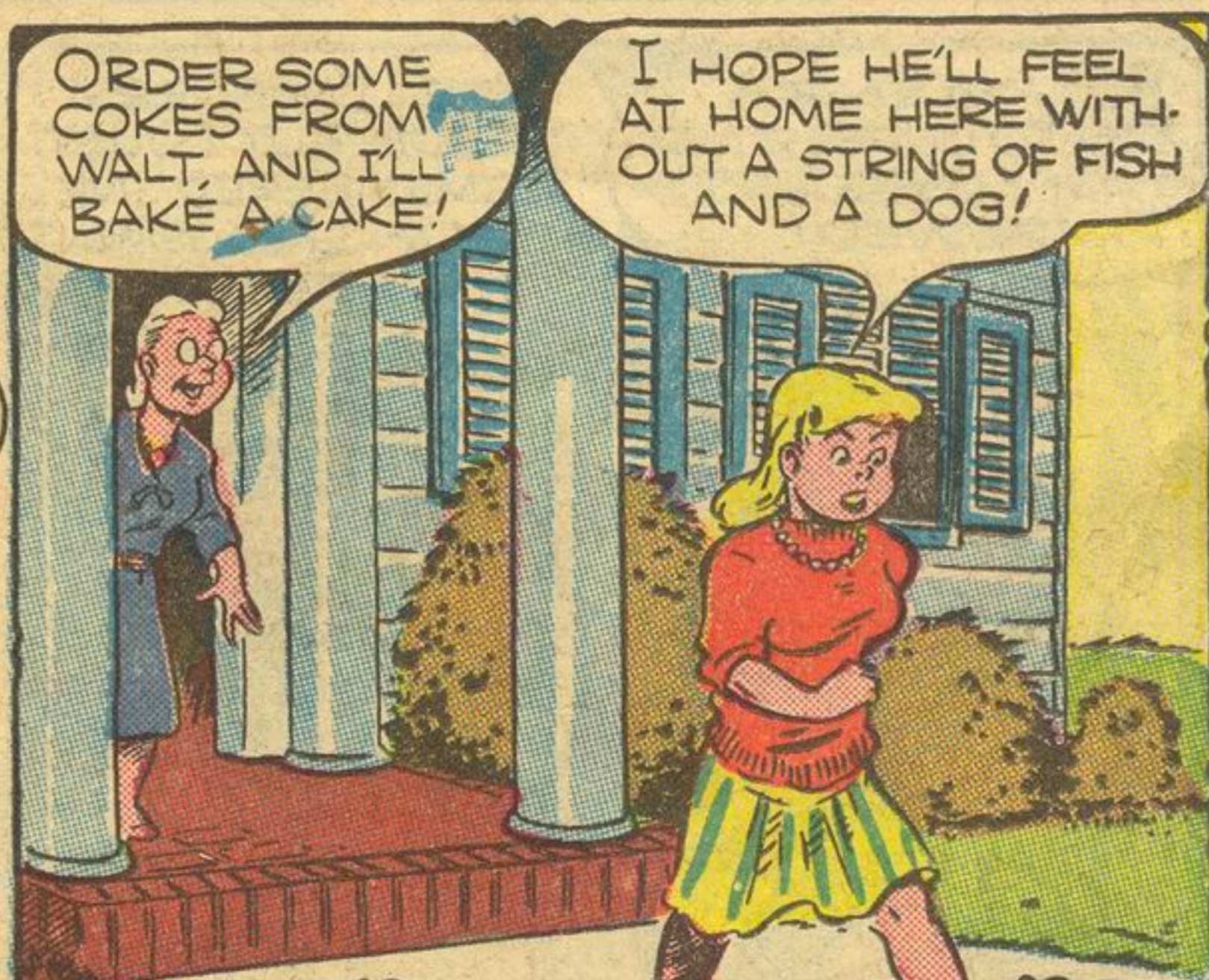
AND THE BIG NOISE  
FROM ILLINOIS



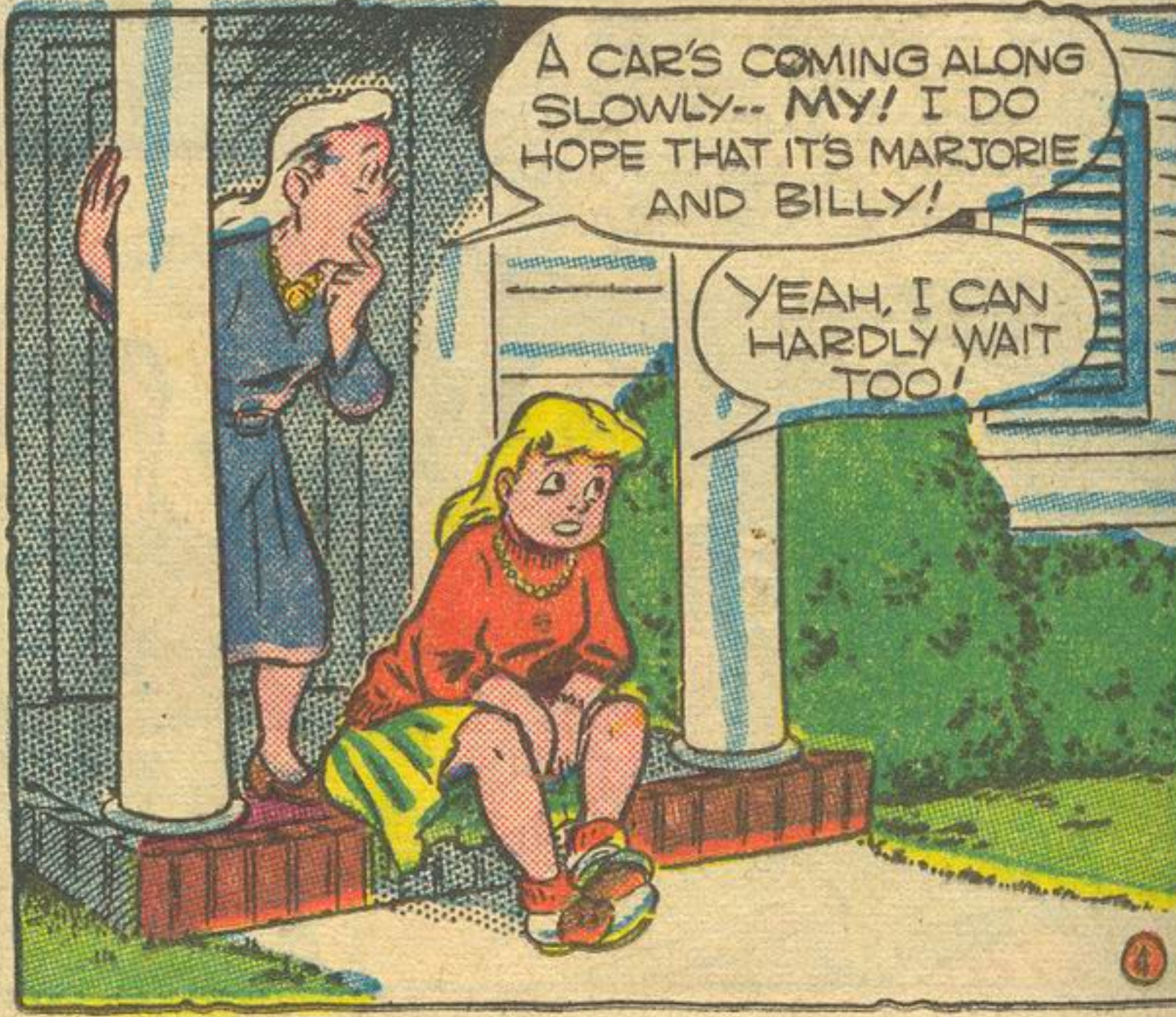
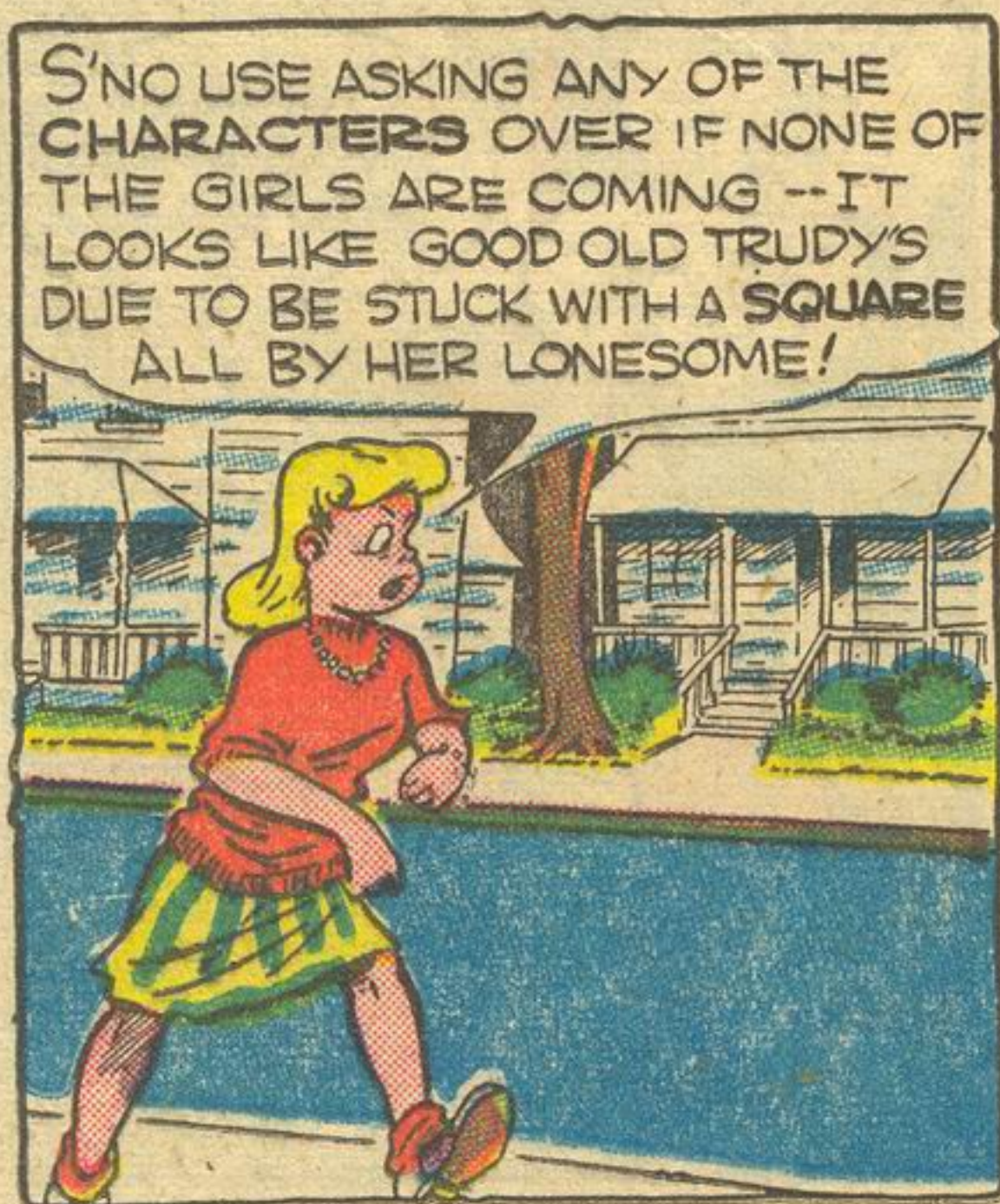
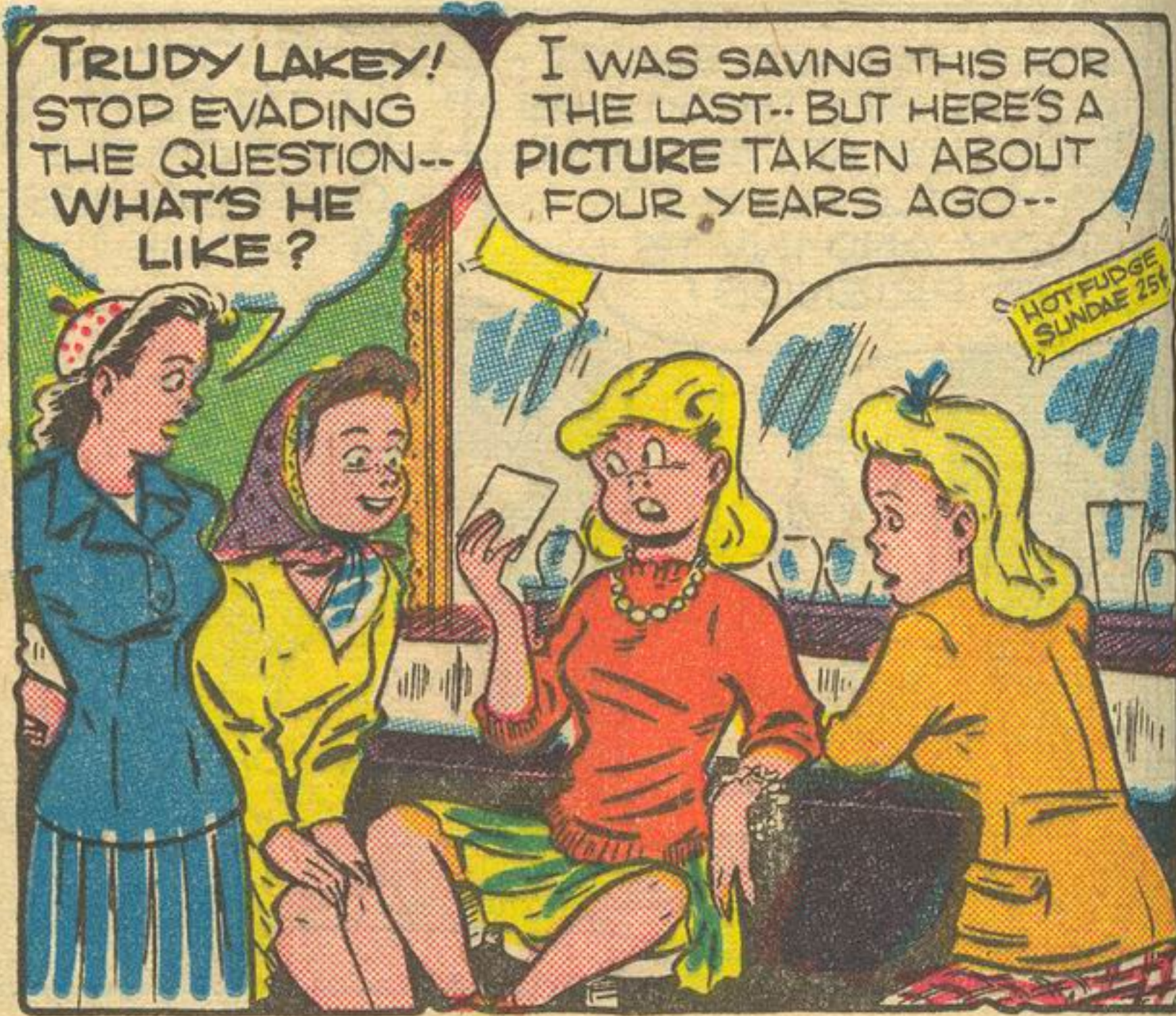
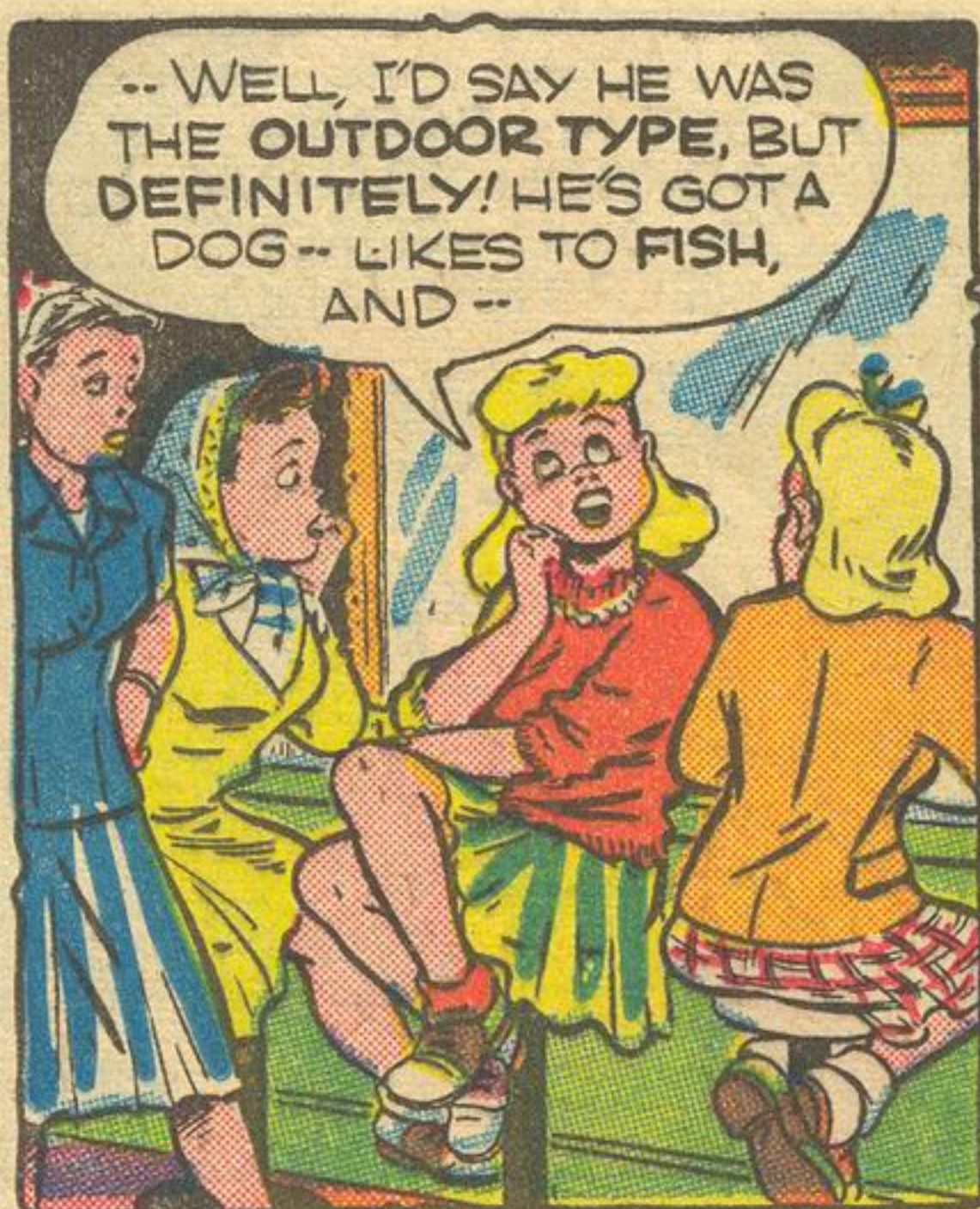




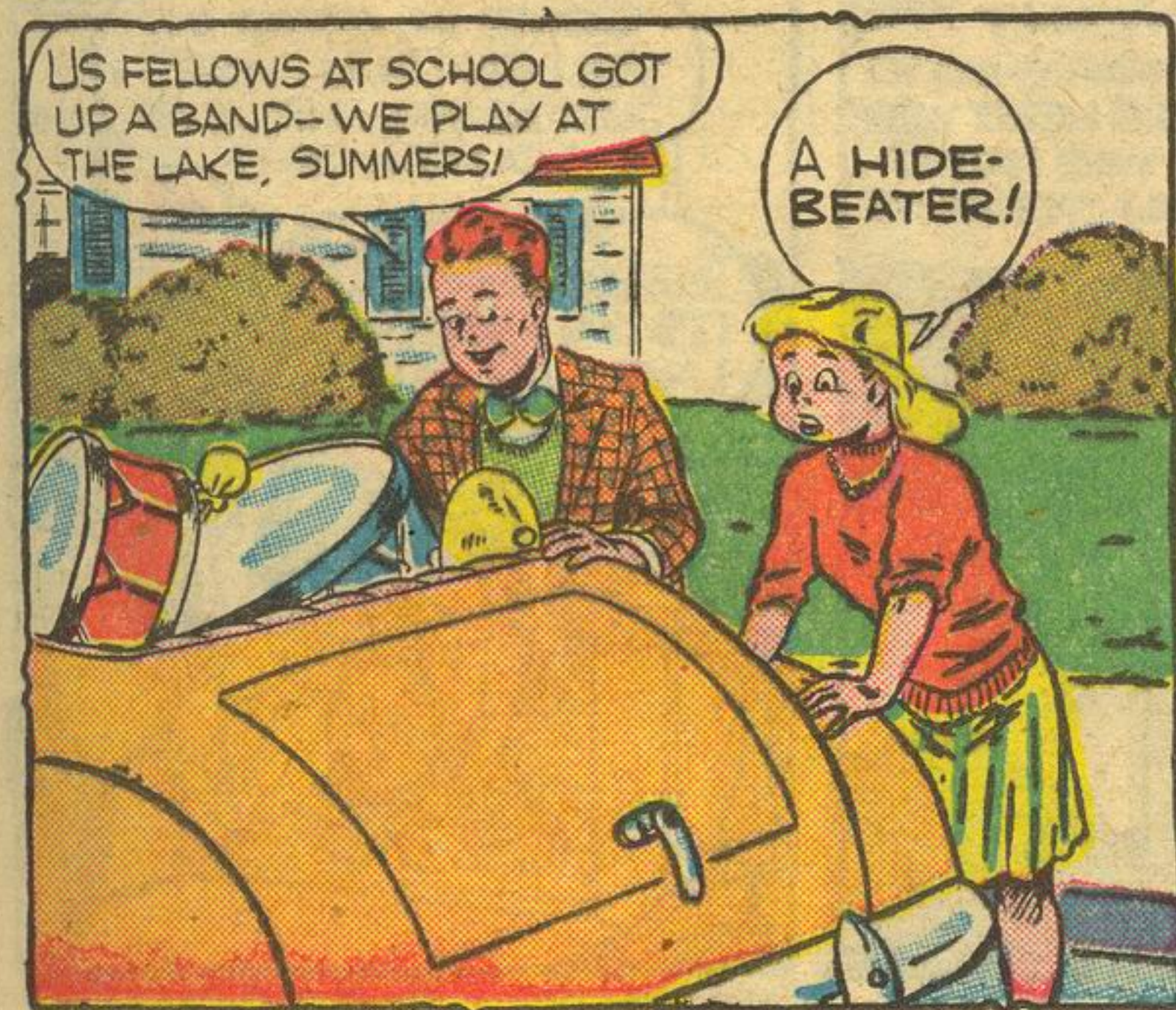
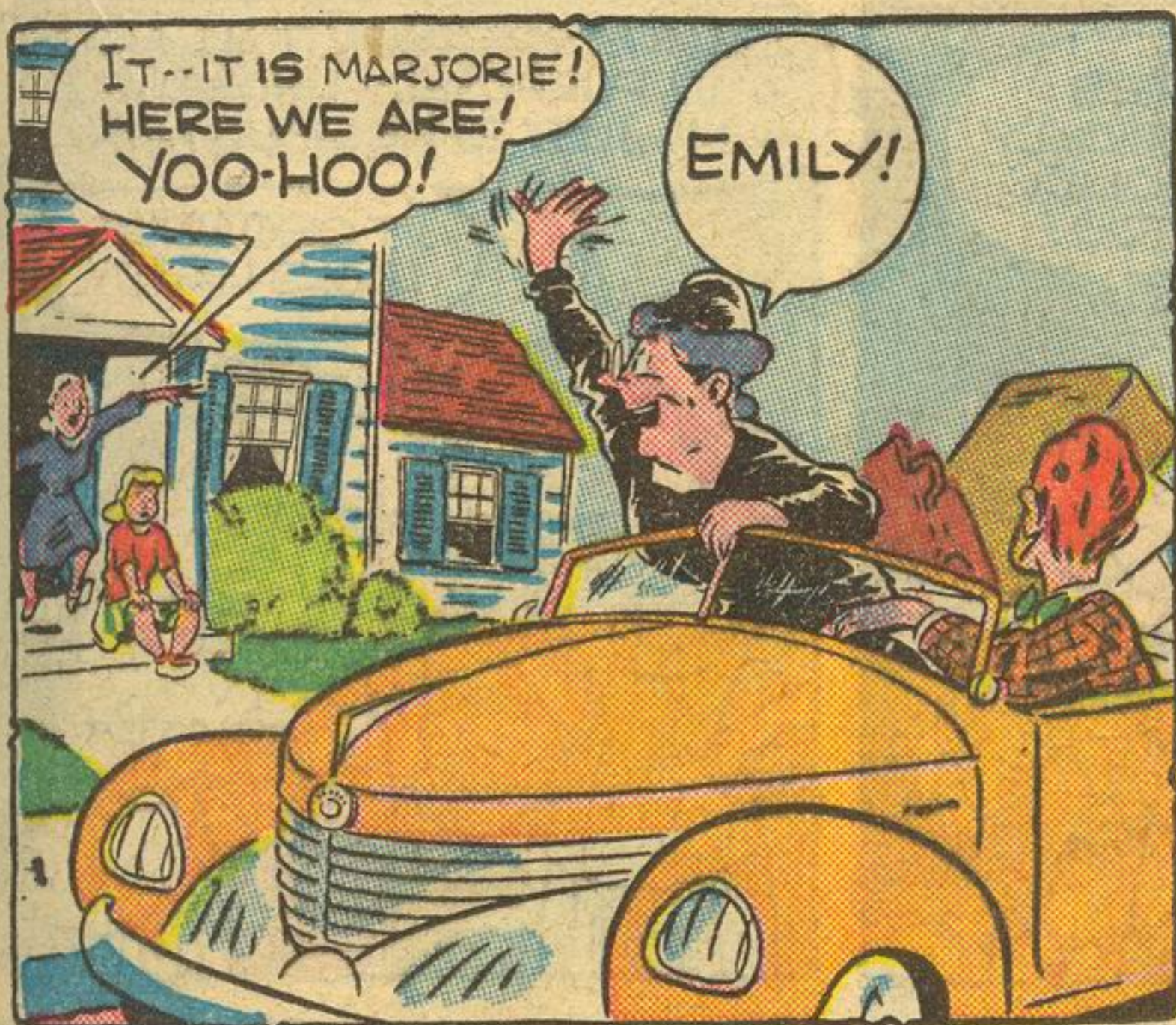




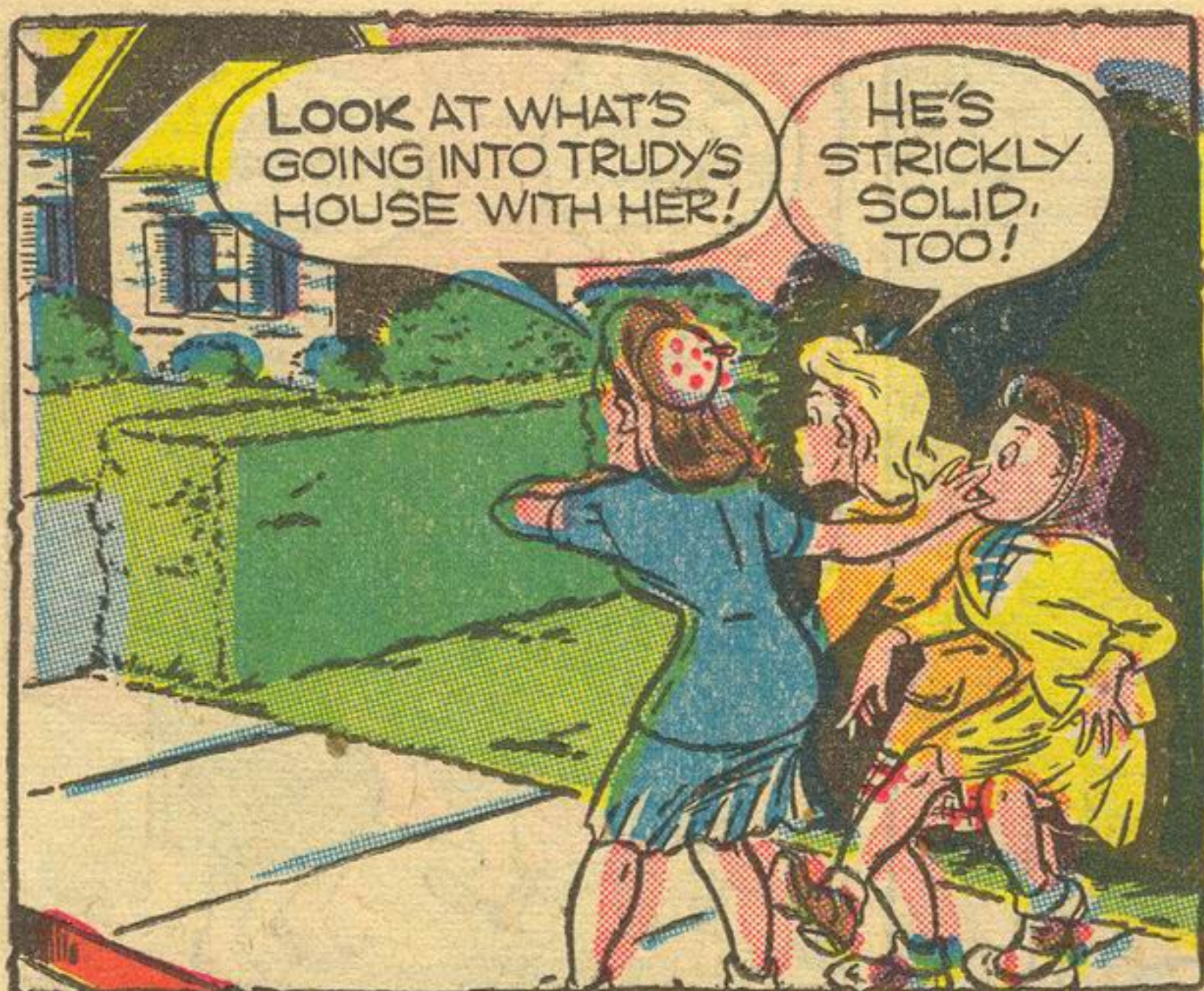
















TRUDY!



I THINK BILLY'S RATHER ENJOYING IT AS IT IS -- BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD CALL UP SOME OF THE AH-ER-"CHARACTERS," AND ASK THEM OVER?

HE'S HAVING A GRAND TIME!



HELLO? MAY I SPEAK TO HOMER, PLEASE!



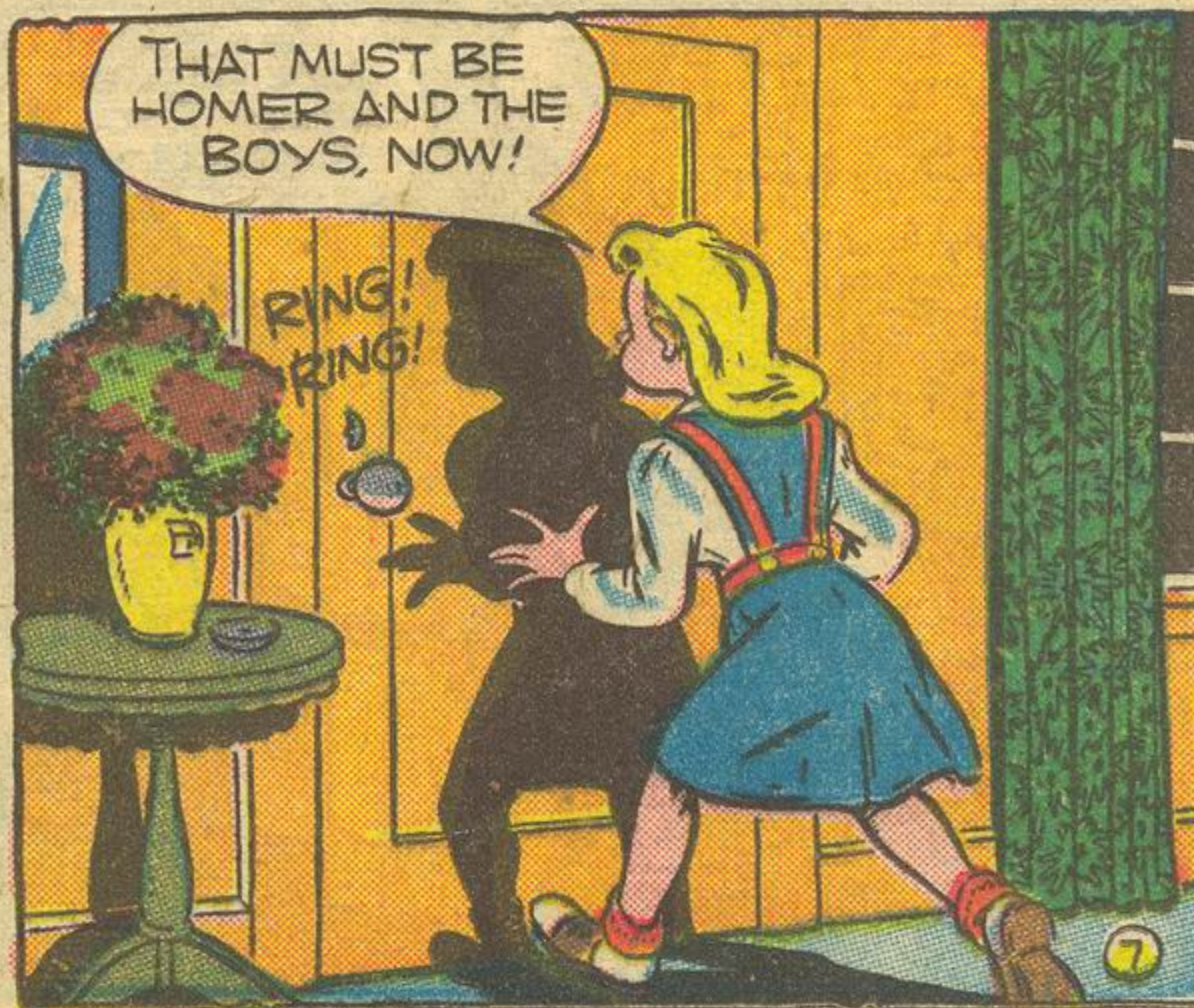
HELLO HOMER



OH, OH-- YOU ALWAYS USE THAT SUGAR TONE WHEN YOU'RE IN A JAM-- O.K! -WHAT IS IT "GOOD OLD HOMER" CAN DO?

WE'VE A HOUSE GUEST AND WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE PARTY-- BRING SHORTY AND BOB WITH YOU--

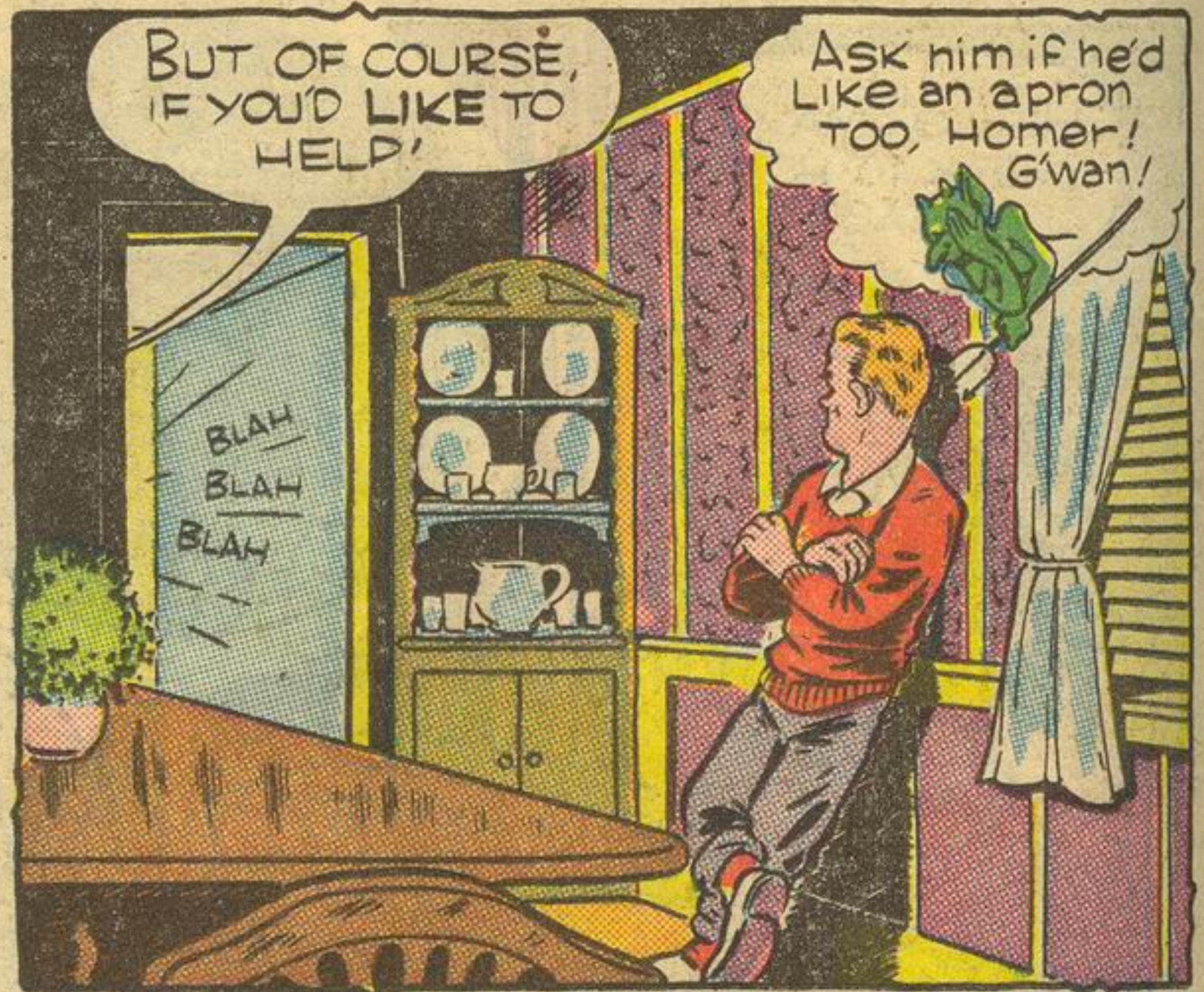
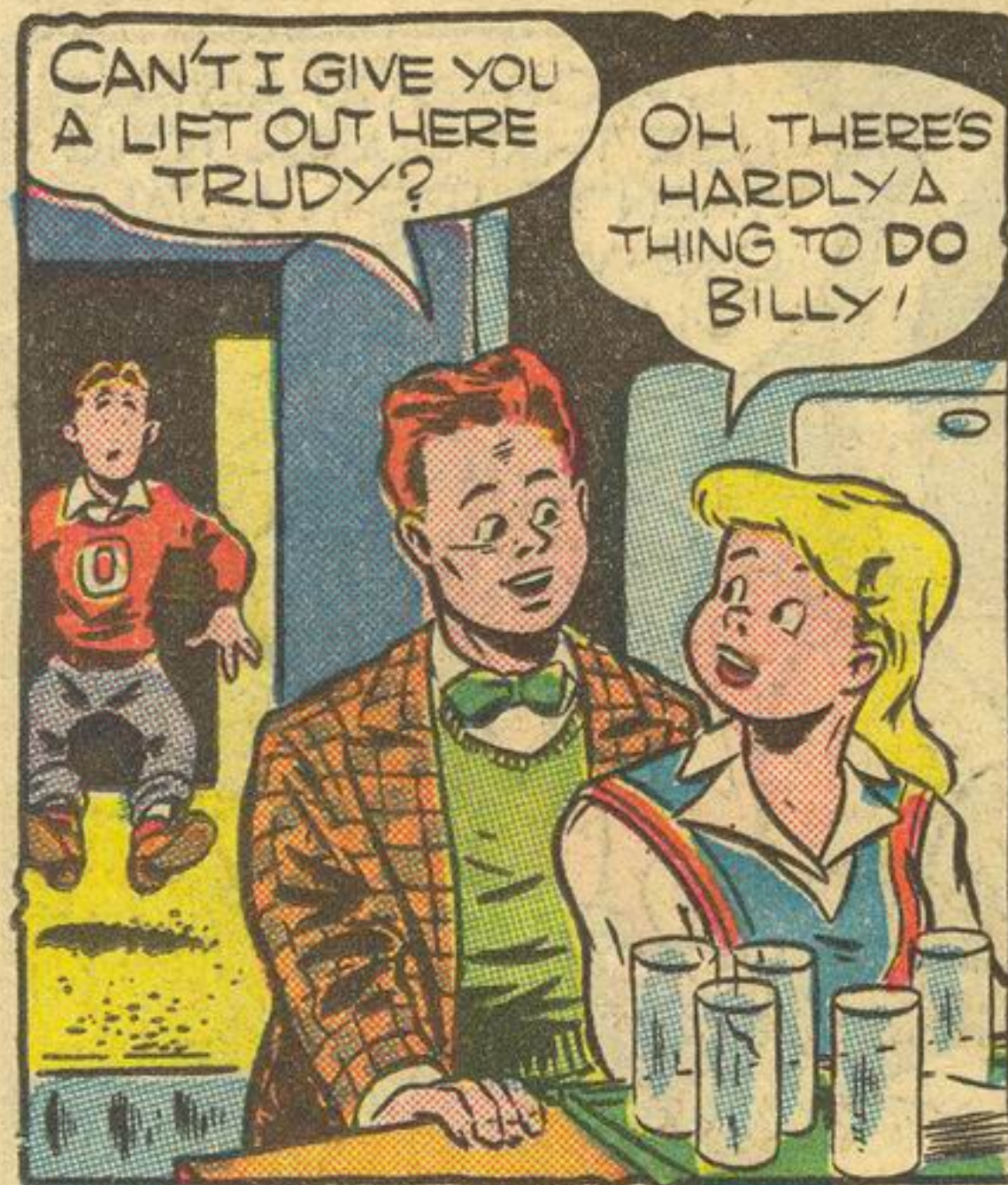
O.K.-WE'LL BE THERE, BUT OUR SERVICES ARE GOING TO COME PRETTY HIGH-- AFTER UNION HOURS, YOU KNOW--



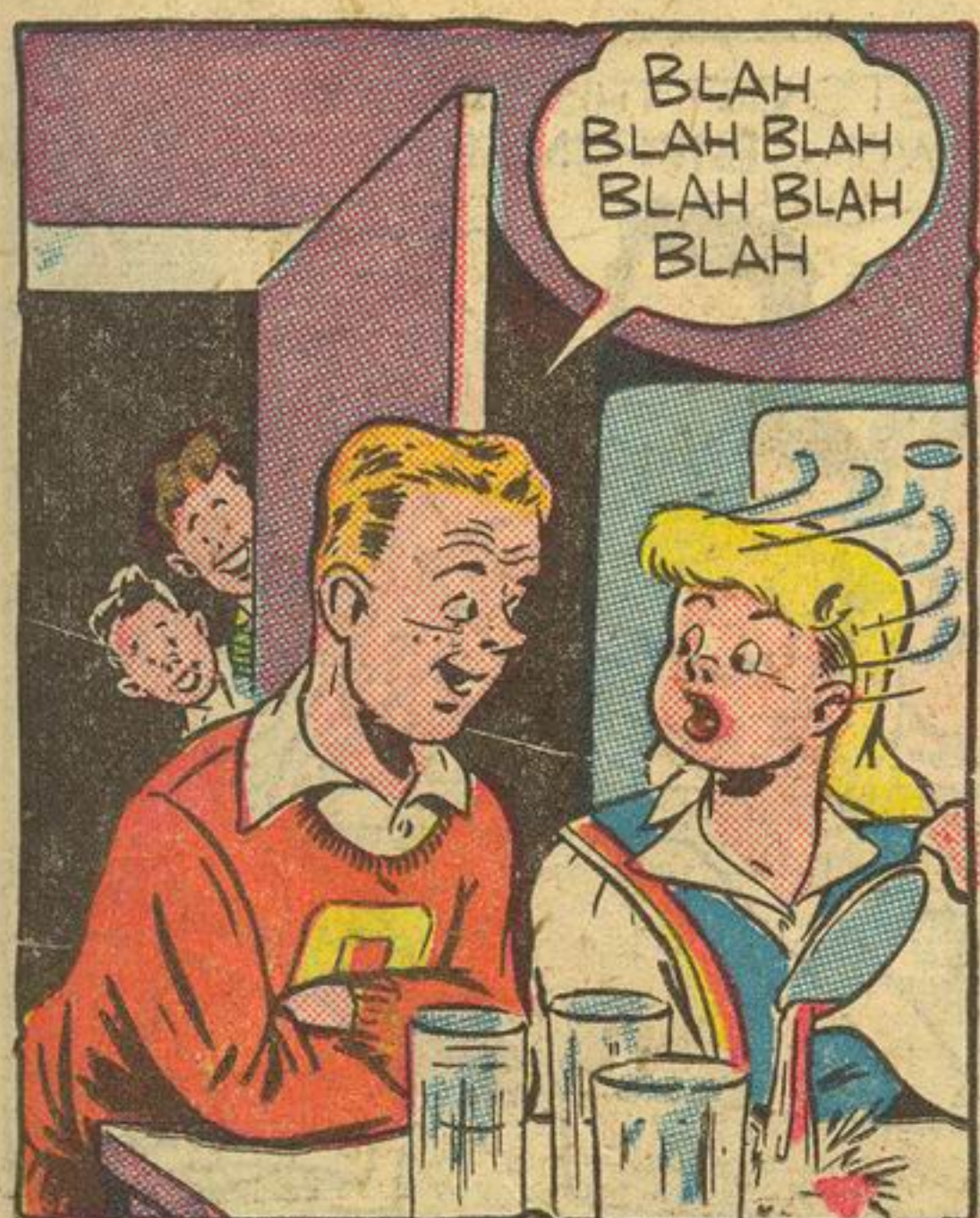
THAT MUST BE HOMER AND THE BOYS, NOW!

RING!  
RING!

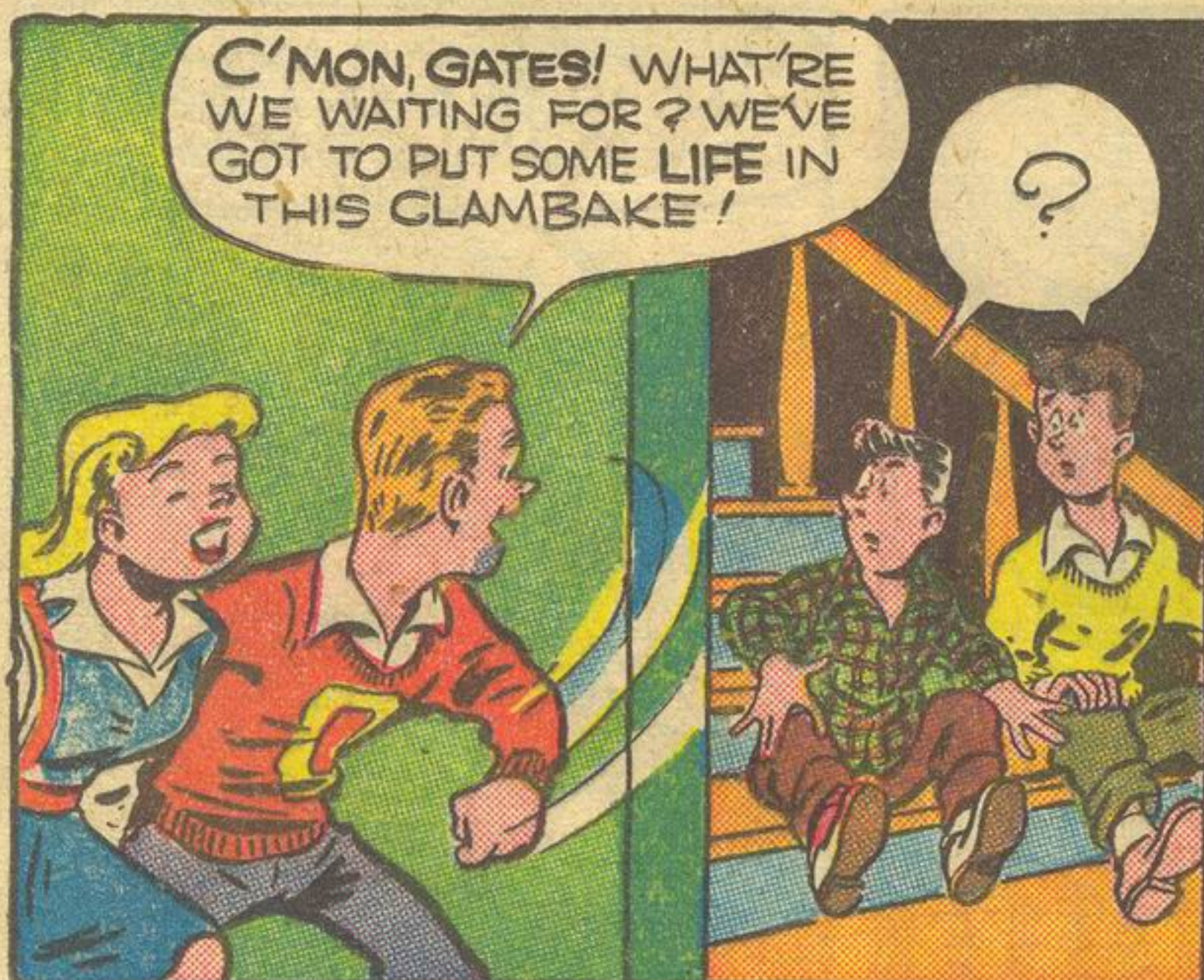












The End

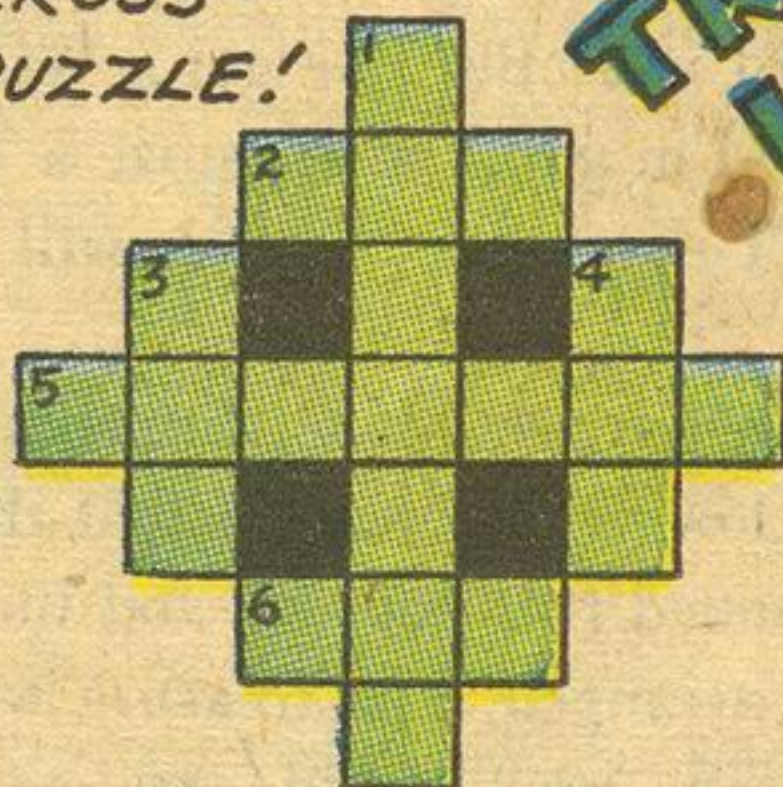


# Are you a SMART COOKIE?



**C**OOKE'S JUGGLING LETTERS! HE CAN MAKE 21 DIFFERENT WORDS OUT OF THEM IN FIVE MINUTES, BUT THERE ARE LOTS MORE! WE'RE BETTING THAT YOU CAN MAKE AT LEAST 25! CAN YOU BEAT COOKIE?

**H**ERE'S COOKIE'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE!



**TRY IT!**

## ACROSS

- 2, A LITTLE CHILD.
- 5, DISCHARGE.
- 6, FINISH.

## DOWN

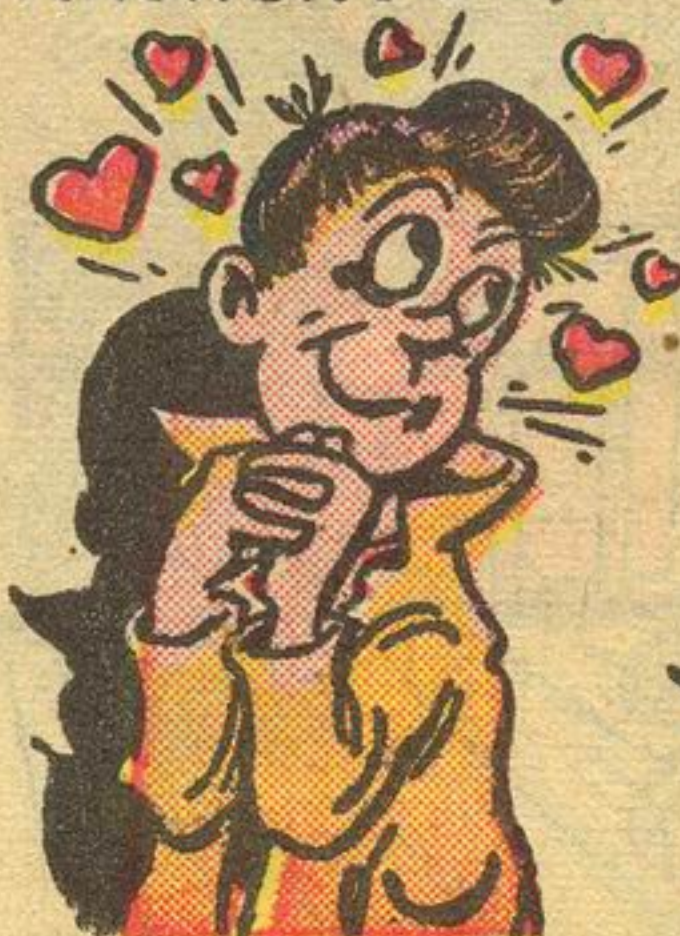
- 1, AN ORDER.
- 3, NOT BRIGHT.
- 4, A KIND OF TREE.

**C**OOKE'S SO SCARED HE CAN'T EVEN FIRE!



**A**ND NOW FOR COOKIE'S ACROSTIC!

**W**HO'S OUR ROMANTIC COOKIE DREAMING OF? USE THE FIRST LETTERS OF THE OBJECTS SHOWN FOR THE ANSWER! →





# Cookie's Treasure Hunt

**"GOODNESS!"** said Angelpuss, dimpling. "I can't go to the class picnic with ALL of you! But I've got a **WONDERFUL** idea—I'm going to organize a **TREASURE-HUNT**—and the winner will be my escort!"

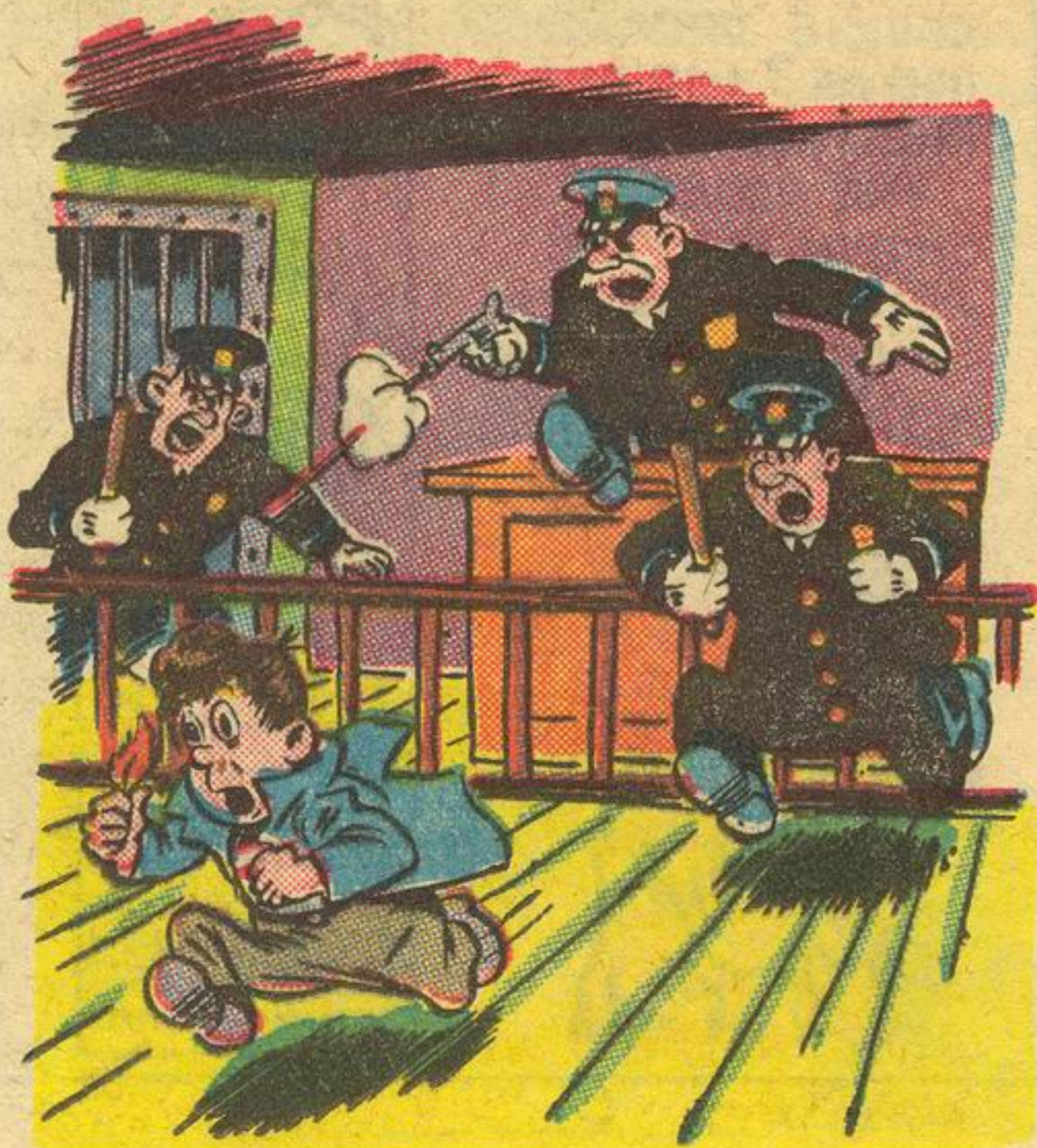
All of the boys—Cookie, Jitterbuck, Zoot, Hep and Downbeat—thought that the proposition sounded fair enough, and the details were soon arranged. The treasure was to be **ANGELPUSS**, who would arrange all the clues. She entrusted Zoot with the job of delivering the first clue to each of the boys separately, to be opened at seven that night. The idea was that if they could decipher that clue, it would tell them where the second clue was to be found, which in turn would lead to the third clue, and so on.

It would have worked out wonderfully if Zoot were willing to play fair. But he feared one adversary—**COOKIE!** And he was so determined to come in ahead of his rival that he opened the envelope containing the

first clue hours beforehand. It didn't take him too long to figure out the place it directed him to—but would this give him enough of a lead over Cookie? It was a news-flash from the radio which gave him his great idea. **"POLICE ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR THE NOTORIOUS 'PURPLE FEATHER'!"** it proclaimed. That was the gangster who left a purple feather on the scene of all his crimes. **PILLOWS** have feathers—and Zoot had **PURPLE INK!** It didn't take long to write a new clue for Cookie's special benefit, either!

Promptly at seven, Cookie opened the envelope that Zoot brought him. Inside was a smaller envelope, sealed, and a slip of paper reading: "1123 Main Street. Give sealed envelope to man behind desk." Why, that was **SIMPLE!** So straightway Cookie headed for his destination. It was flanked by two green lights, which made him grin. Trust Angelpuss to have even the police working with her! Barging within, he surprised the desk-sergeant at the task of polishing his glasses. "This'll identify me!" cried Cookie breezily, handing the small sealed envelope to the officer, who peered at it near-sightedly, opened it and withdrew—A **PURPLE FEATHER!**

To the startled Cookie, it seemed that an earthquake had broken loose. **"IT'S HIM!"** shrieked the sergeant. **"GET HIM!"** A club whizzed past his ear. The tall desk crashed to the floor as the sergeant launched himself over it. And Cookie didn't wait for anything more. Like a bolt of lightning, he was outside the door, running fast—but behind him came the beat of footsteps, the shrilling of whistles! It was the beginning of a nightmare of pursuit. Once, Cookie thought he





had escaped, but finally a police searching party routed him from the barrel in which he had hidden, and the two-hour chase was on again! Heading down a narrow alley, he saw a dark and seemingly abandoned building ahead. Even as the police drew near, he scrambled through a half-boarded-up window, into the dark interior. Opening a creaking door, he shot suddenly into a lighted room, surprising a group of hard-looking men who had been seated around a rough table. "Ya—ya gotta hide me!" blurted Cookie, panting. "The cops are comin', and—"

"COPS!" howled the leader of the group, a burly, scar-faced individual. "Out the back way, fast—IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIM-

rally his addled wits for a reply, there was a thudding of feet—and he was in the hands of the law! A flashlight glared in his face, and a disgusted voice said, "Heck! THIS can't be the POIPLE FEATHER!"

"Of course not!" blazed Angelpuss, indignantly. "It's just Cookie O'Toole, silly!"

"Then who's THIS?" asked one of the policemen, kneeling over Scar-face's recumbent body. A moment later came a cry of amazement. "LOOK WOT HE'S GOT ON HIM, CHIEF! THE STOLEN CARTER JEWELS—AN' A BAG FULLA POIPLE FEATHERS! IT'S THE POIPLE FEATHER HIMSELF!"

The police swarmed about Cookie in a congratulating horde, and it was this moment



SELF!" Caught in a panic-stricken rush, Cookie found himself borne through a back door—again running! From behind came yells, a scattering of gunshots. And before him was the scar-faced man. They were in the center of town, passing good old Harelip High School, when Cookie tripped, lunging into Scar-face and bearing him to the ground, where the man's head hit the pavement with a resounding crack. It was at this breathless moment that a figure detached itself from the school steps and darted toward them. It was—ANGELPUSS! "COOKIE!" she cried. "How WONDERFUL you were to go through all those clues—and get here first! YOU'VE WON THE TREASURE-HUNT!"

The dazed Cookie gulped. Before he could

which Zoot picked for his arrival. His jaw dropped as he took in the scene, unnoticed. Then he jammed his hands into his pockets and faded into the night, bitterly contemplating the failure of another great scheme.

But Cookie didn't know this. He couldn't figure out exactly what had transpired, or how it had all come about. But as Angelpuss clung to him fondly, he did hear the police captain tell him that he was going to get a big reward for the capture of the Purple Feather. And it was then that he was able to speak his first lucid words. "Reward?" he said. "HUH! I'm gonna get an even BIGGER reward! I dunno how all this happened—BUT I'M GONNA GET TA TAKE ANGELPUSS TA THE CLASS PICNIC!"



# ZOOT

--AN' WHILE YOU PLAY THE PART O' MAMA'S LITTLE HELPMATE, COOKIE, I, ZOOT, WILL BE THE MAN ABOUT TOWN, ENTERTAININ' THAT GORGEOUS HUNK O' FEMININITY -- ANGELPUSS!

OH, YEAH?

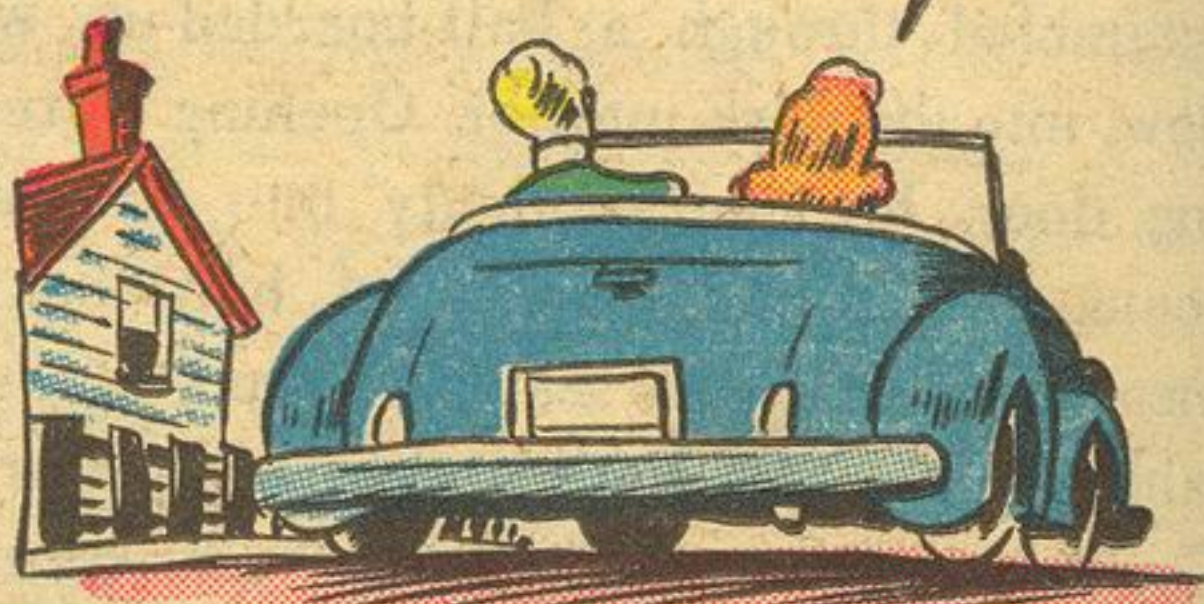


LIKE I WUZ SAYIN' -- I FEEL THAT A MAN O' MY CHARM OWES IT TA WOMANHOOD TA GET OUT MORE! NO, SIR -- I'M NOT THE DOMESTIC TYPE!



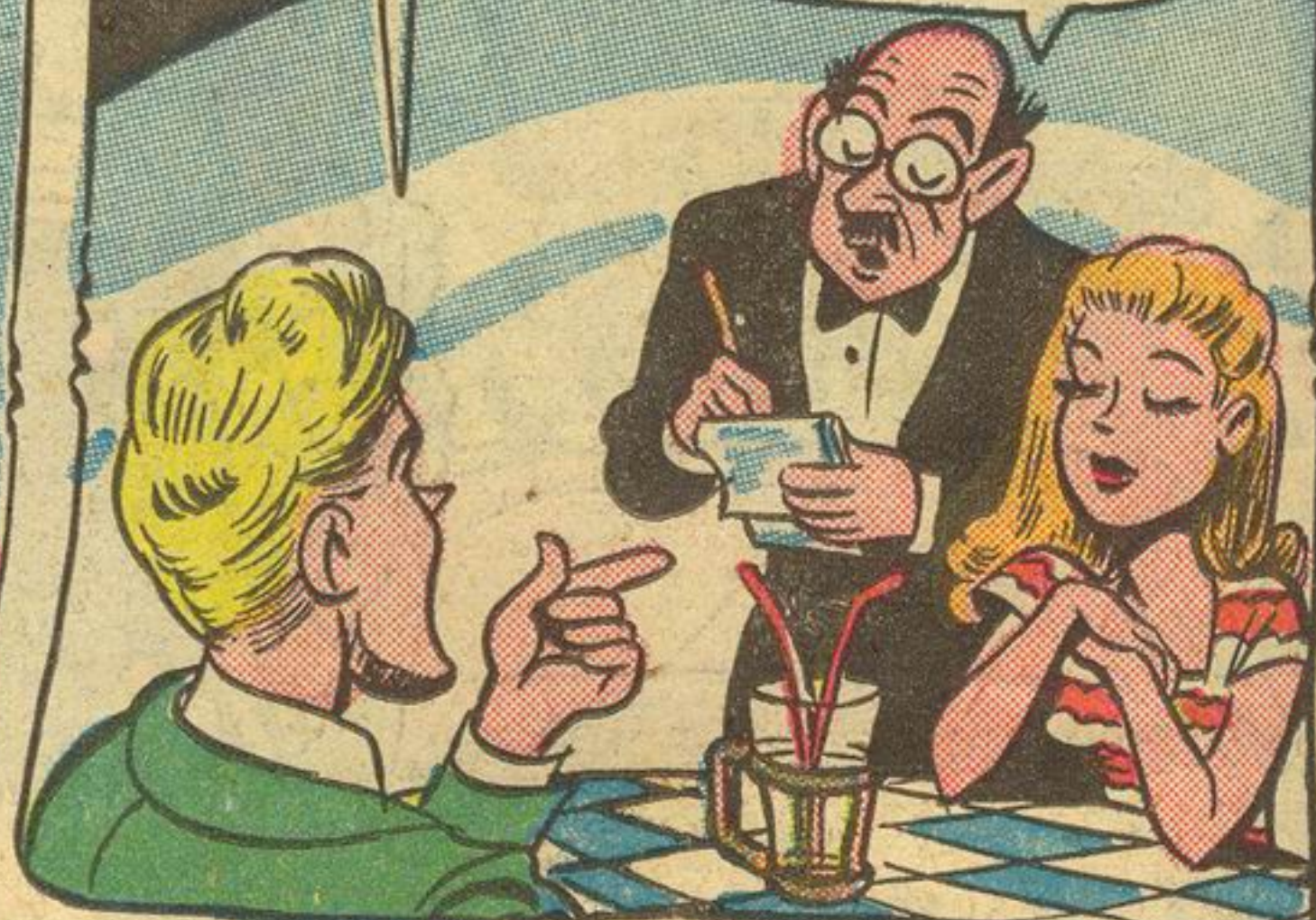
WOT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, ANGEL, IS WOT YA CAN SEE IN THAT SCULLERY MAID COOKIE! MYSELF, I'M MORE THE **WORLDLY** TYPE!

NOW, NOW, ZOOT!

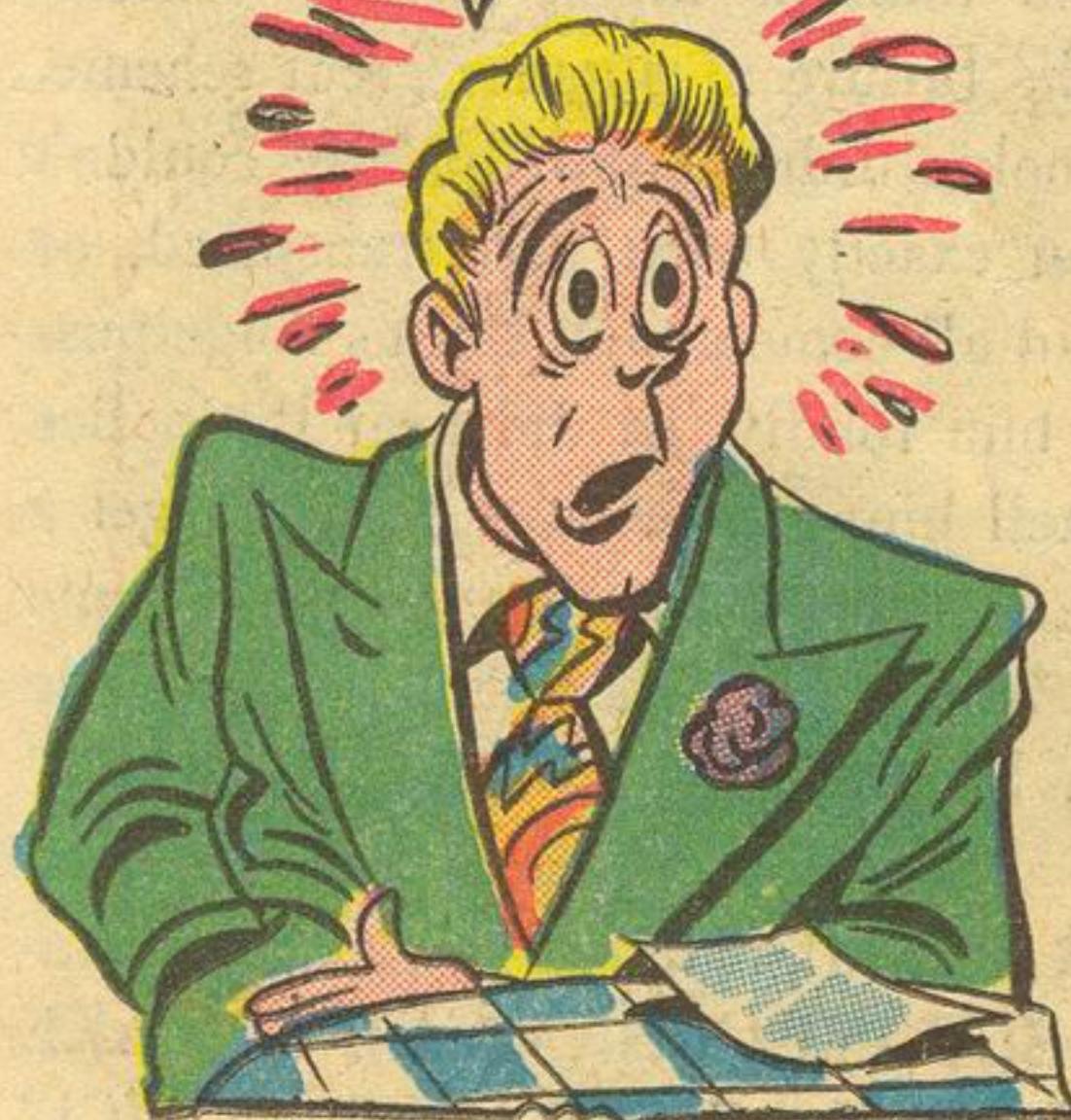


GARÇON! THE CHECK, PLEASE!

LET'S SEE -- THAT WAS ONE SODA AN' TWO STRAWS! THE STRAWS WE WON'T CHARGE YOU FOR!



M-MY WALLET -- GONE! NO MONEY! NOW WOT?



GOLLY, JIT! HE'LL CERTAINLY MAKE SOMEBODY A **WONDERFUL** WIFE!



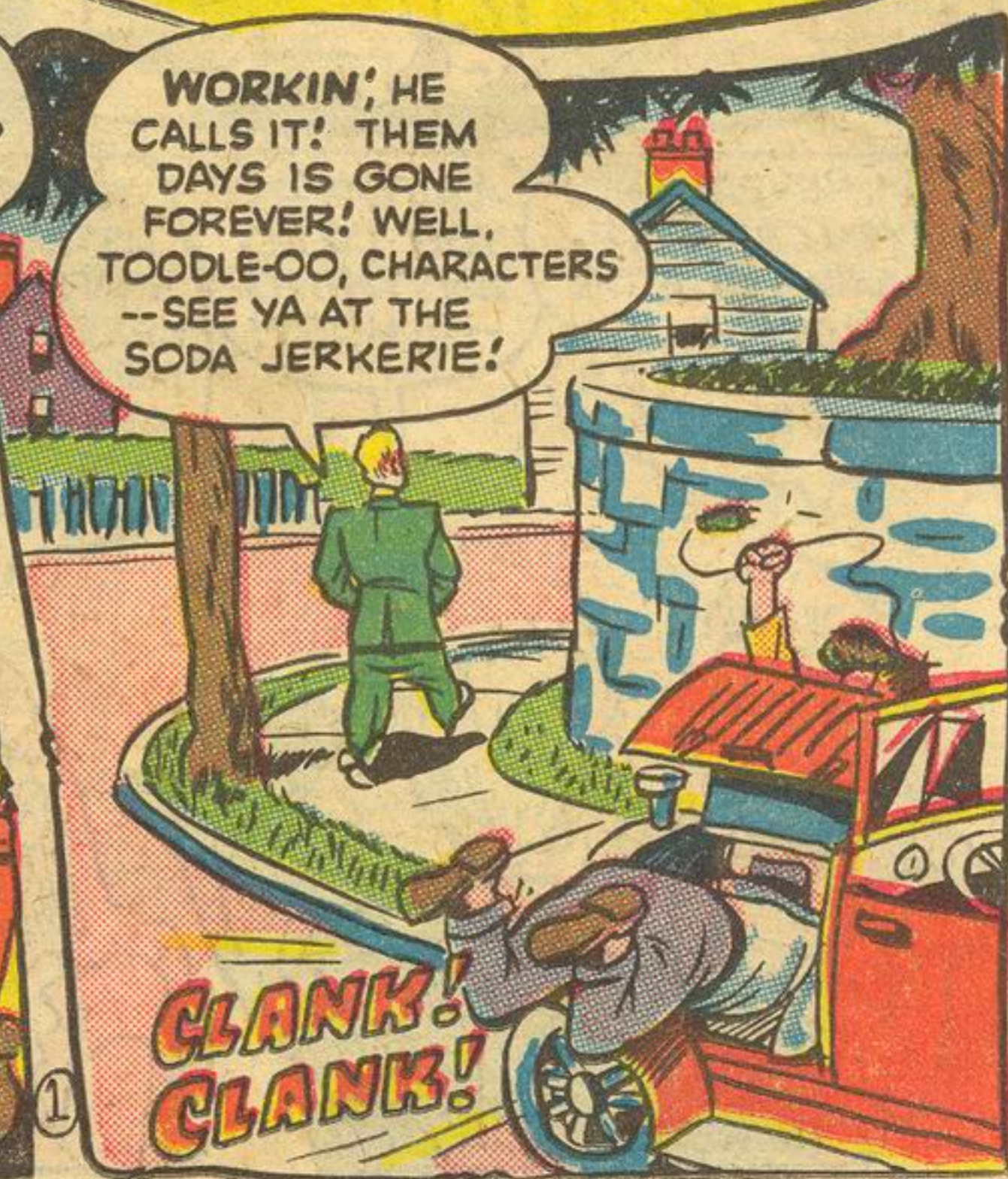
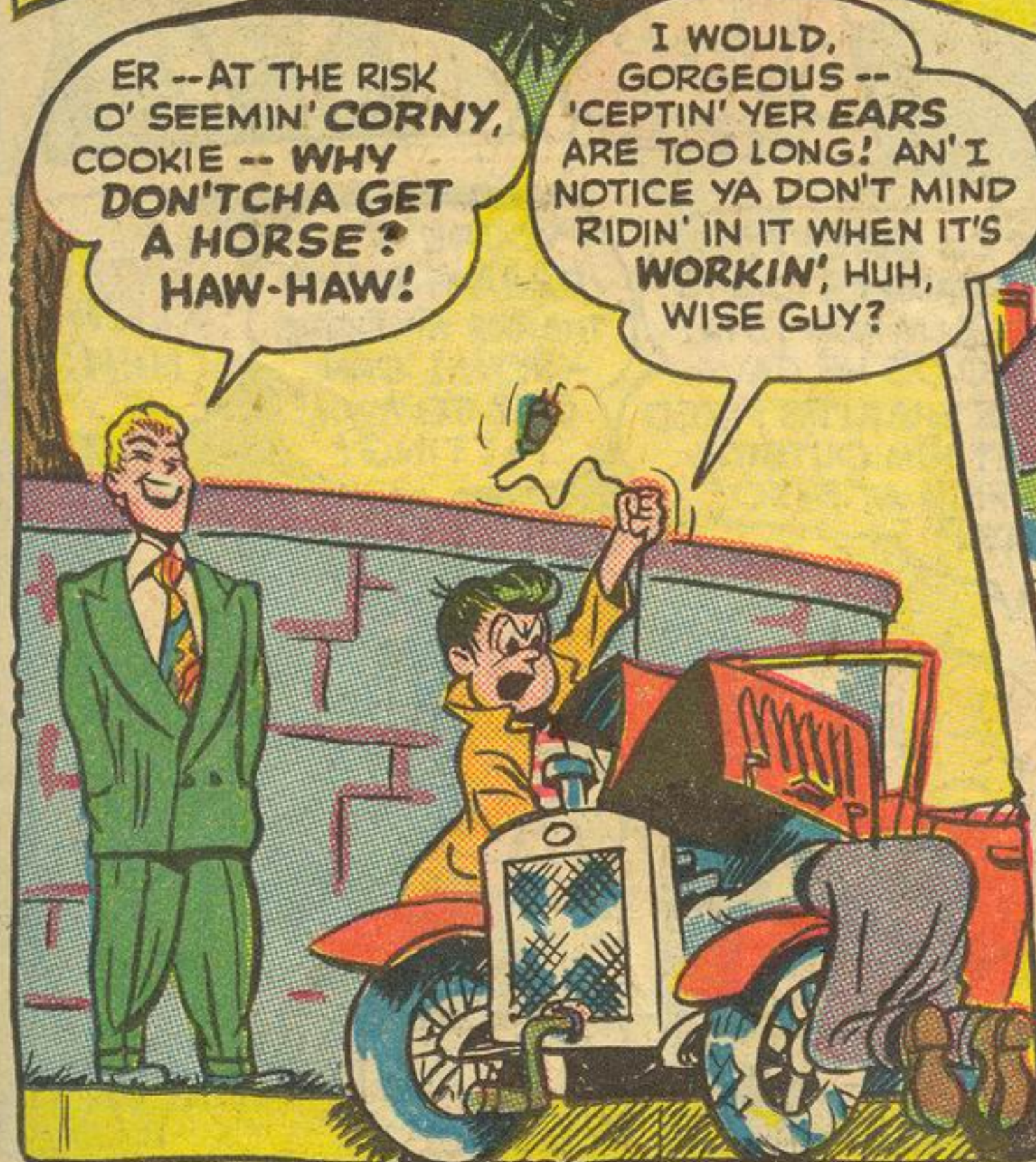
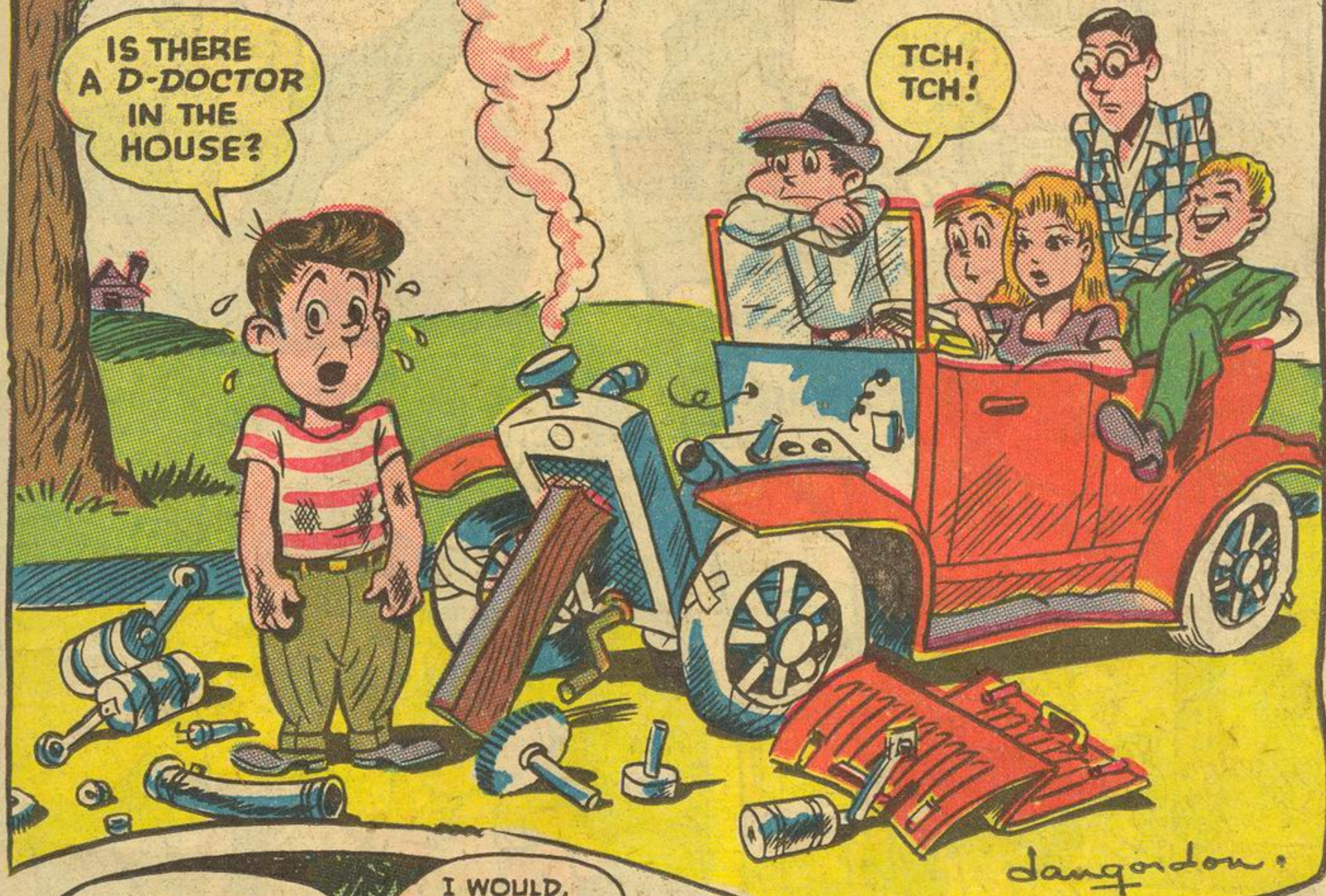
NAH, COOKIE, NEVER! WITH THEM DISHPAN MITTS, WOT SELF-RESPECTIN' BOY WOULD HAVE HIM? **TCH, TCH!**

GR-RRR!

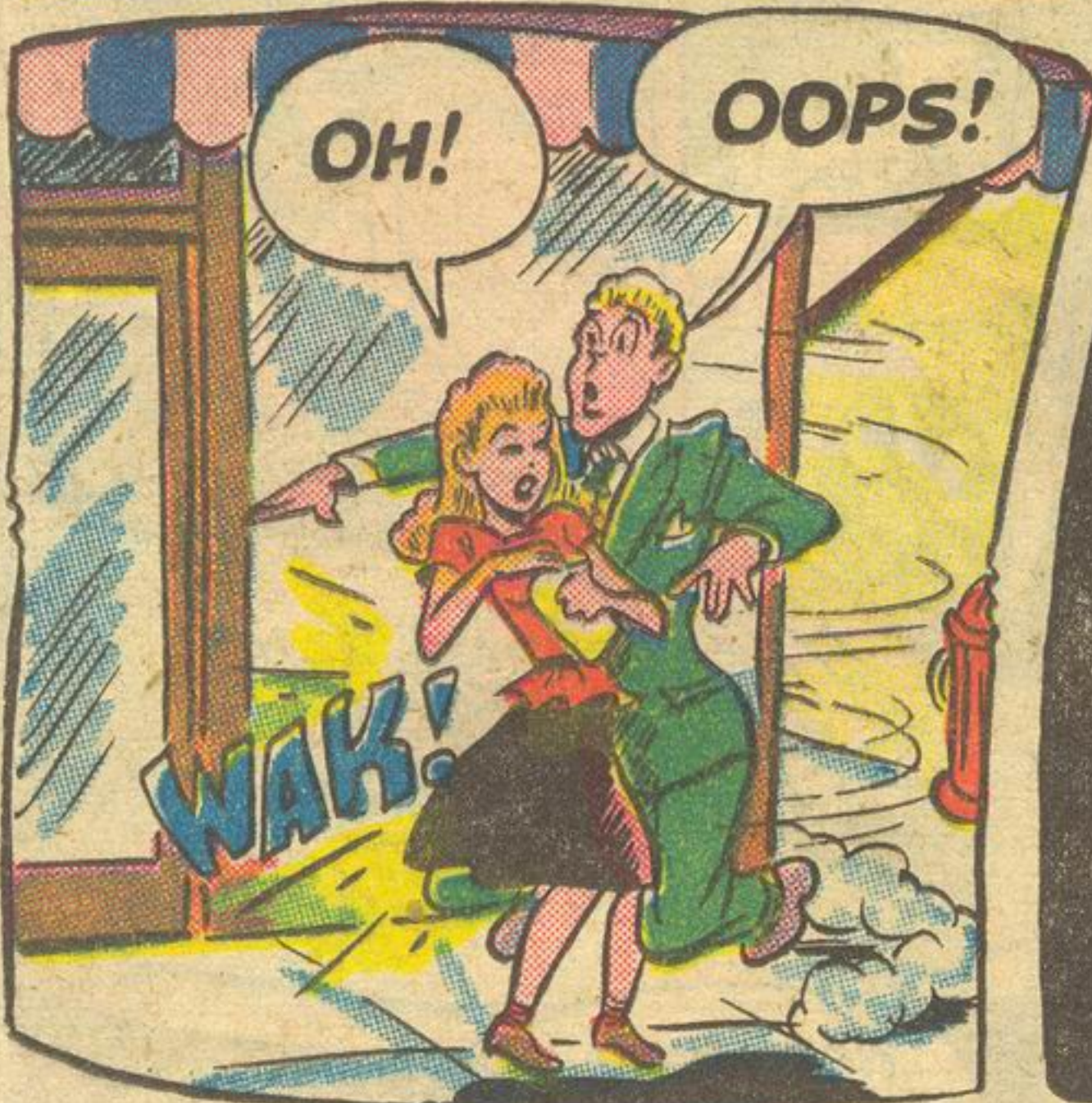




# "COOKIE"

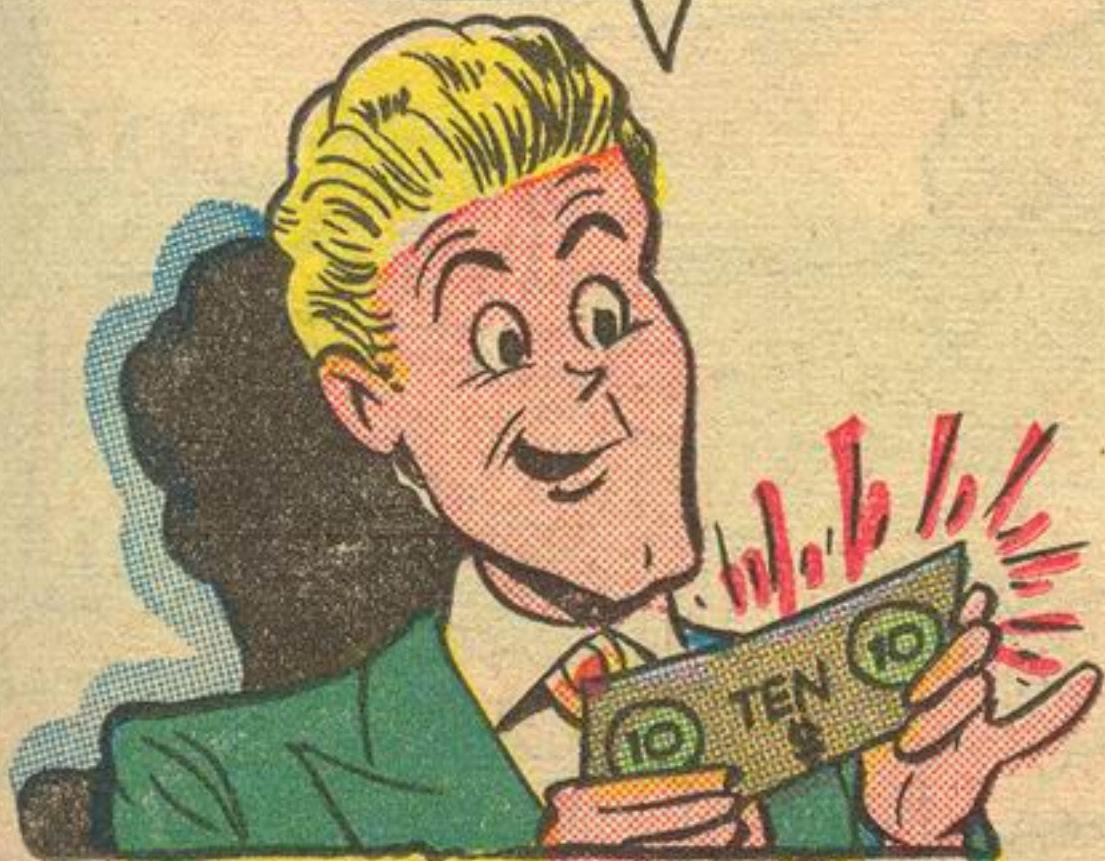








AH, YOU BEAUTIFUL THING, YOU!  
PAPA'S GOT A LITTLE FIXIN' OF HIS  
OWN TA DO, AN' WILL A TEN-SPOT  
COME IN HANDY! HMMM... I  
THINK I KNOW **JUST** THE  
GUYS WHO CAN HELP ME!



AH, JITTERBUCK AN' COOKIE--  
THE LOYAL FRIENDS OF ANY  
DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!  
LISTEN -- ANGELPUSS  
IS IN A JAM AN' SHE  
NEEDS YER HELP!  
**WODDEYA SAY?**



FER ANGELPUSS  
IT'S AN **ALL-OUT**  
SETUP FER US!  
WOT'S THE  
DOPE?

--AN' WHEN SHE STARTED TA CRY,  
AN' SAID SHE'D ALREADY SPENT THE  
DOUGH HER OL' MAN GAVE HER, I  
SAID **FERGET IT!** THE BOYS'LL  
BE **GLAD** TA HELP!

SURE, SURE--  
AS IF ANYBODY  
COULD REFUSE  
**HER!**



WELL, HERE'S  
THE CORPSE!  
**LET'S GO,  
JIT!**

YEH, YEH --  
LIKE YOU  
SAY!



THANKS, BOY SCOUTS --  
AN' YOU WON'T BE NEEDIN'  
YER JALOPY! I'LL BE BACK  
AT 5:00 TA PICK UP THAT  
REPAIR JOB -- **HAPPY  
TINKERING!**

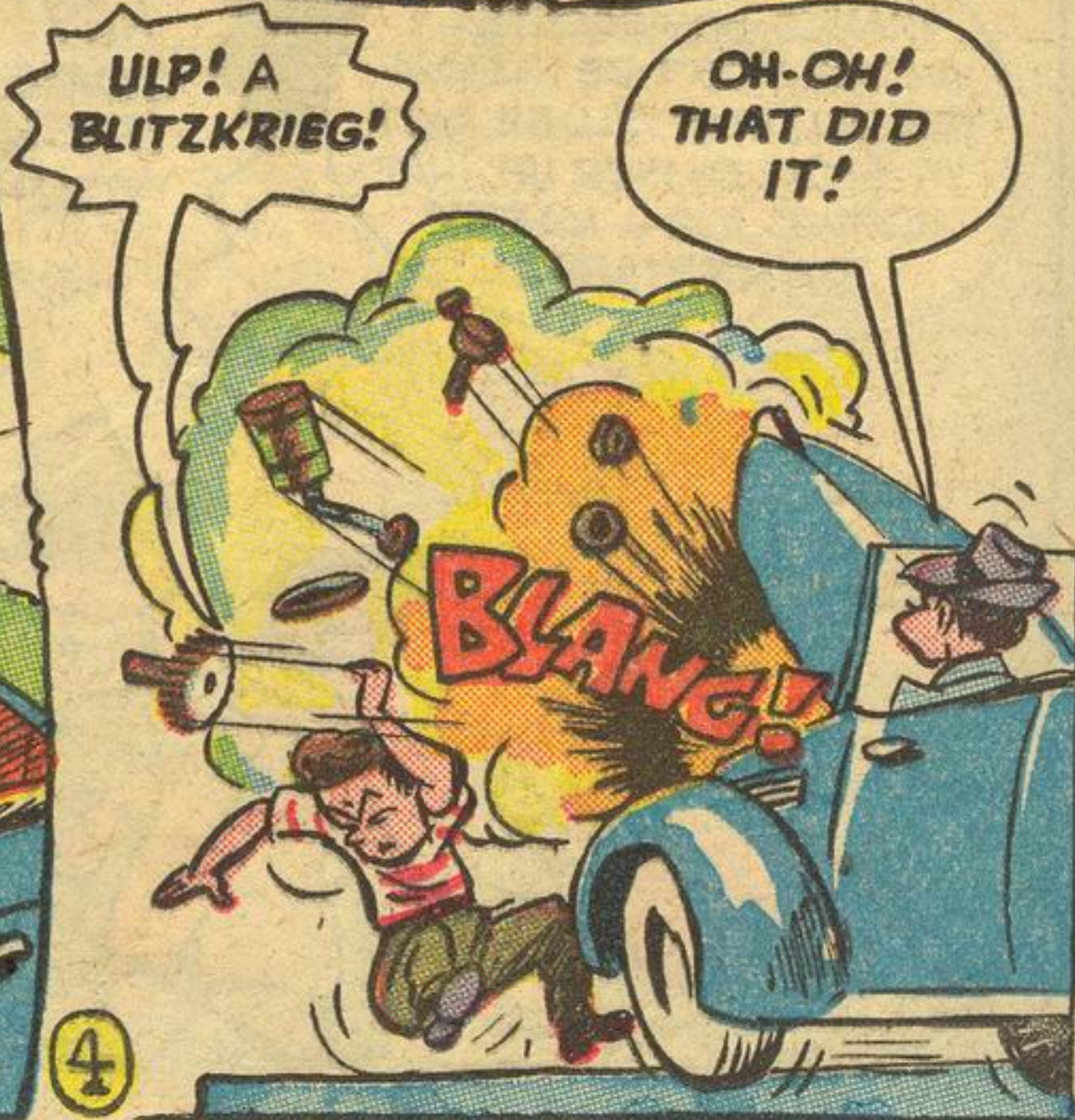
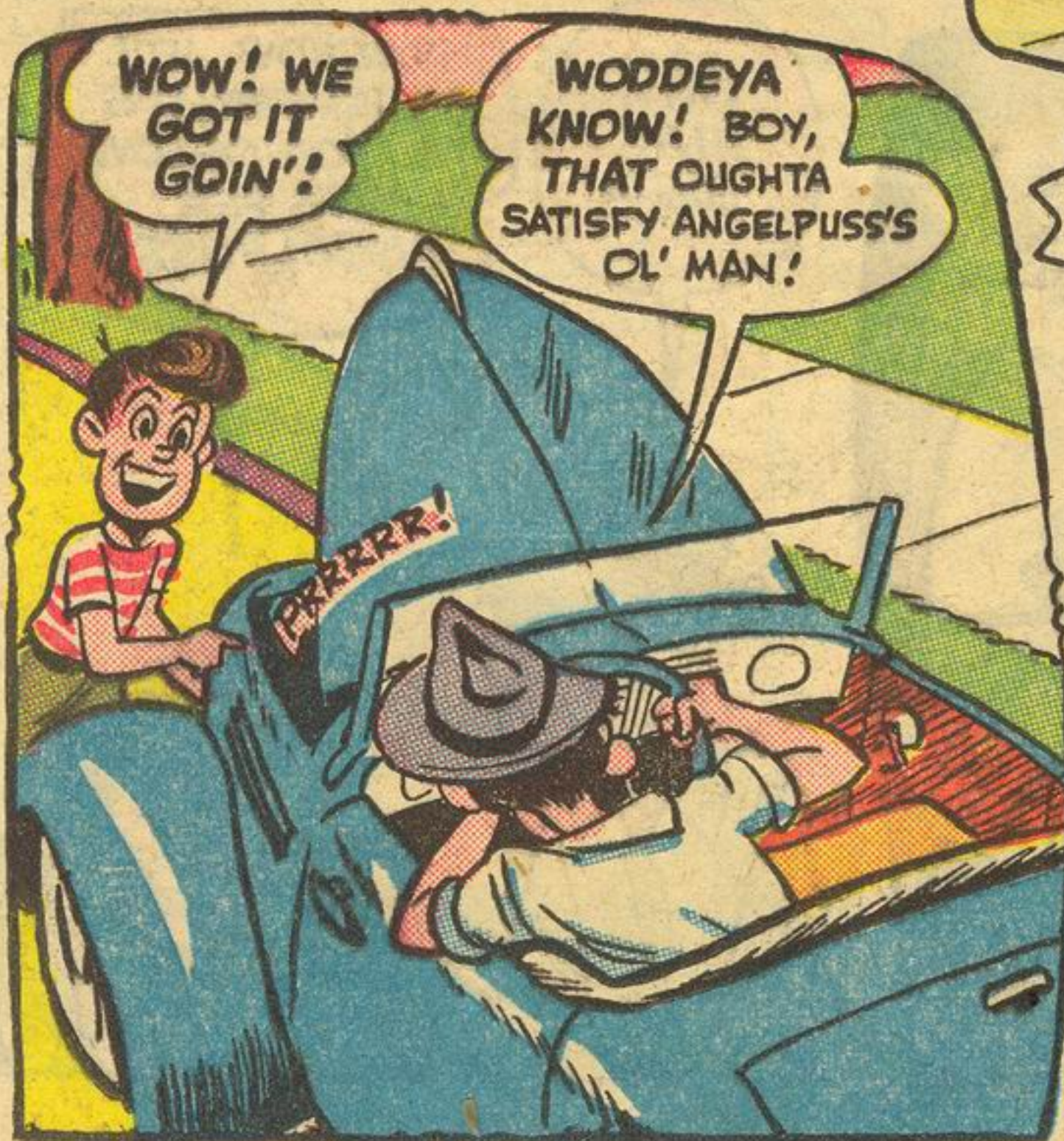
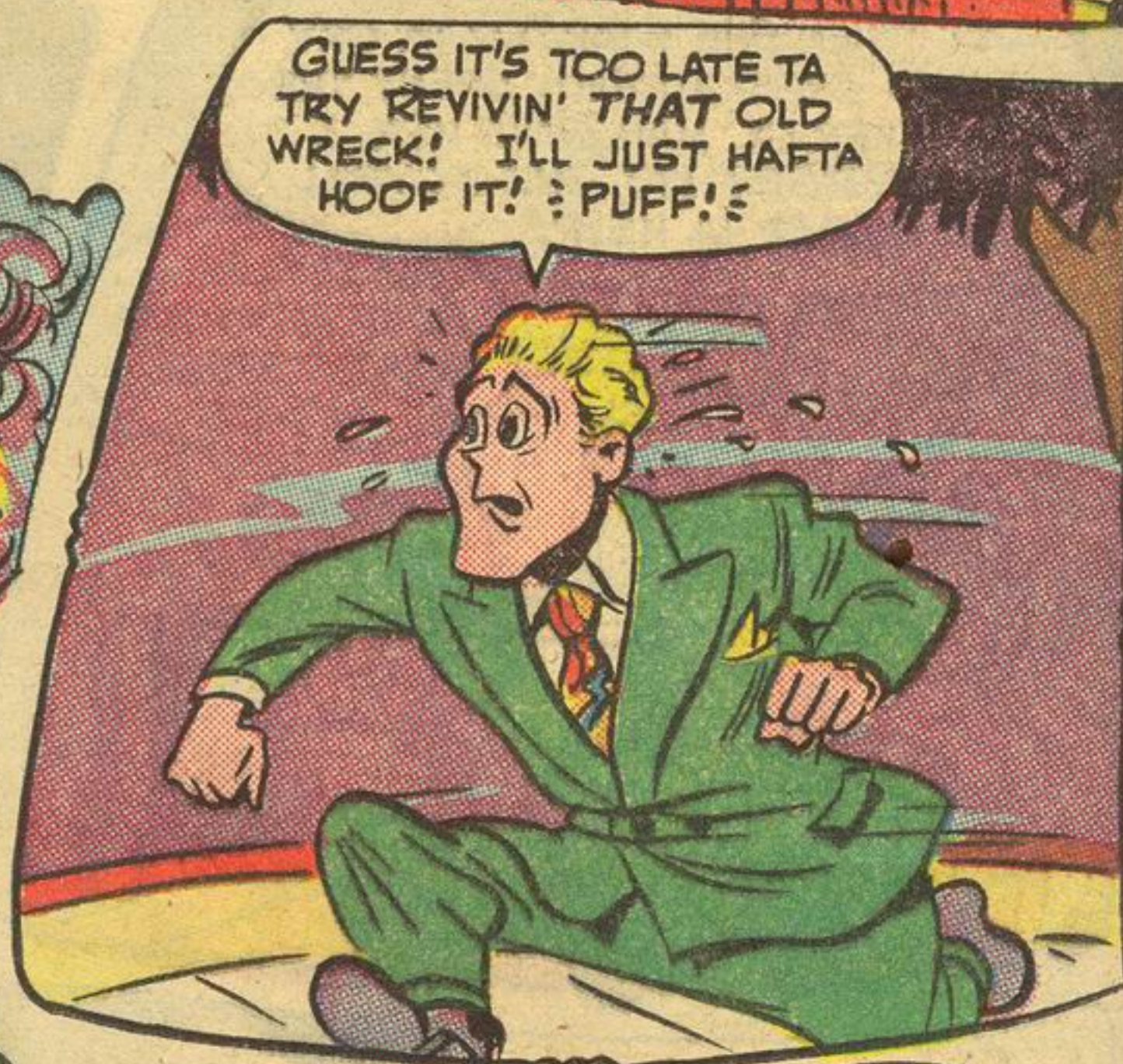
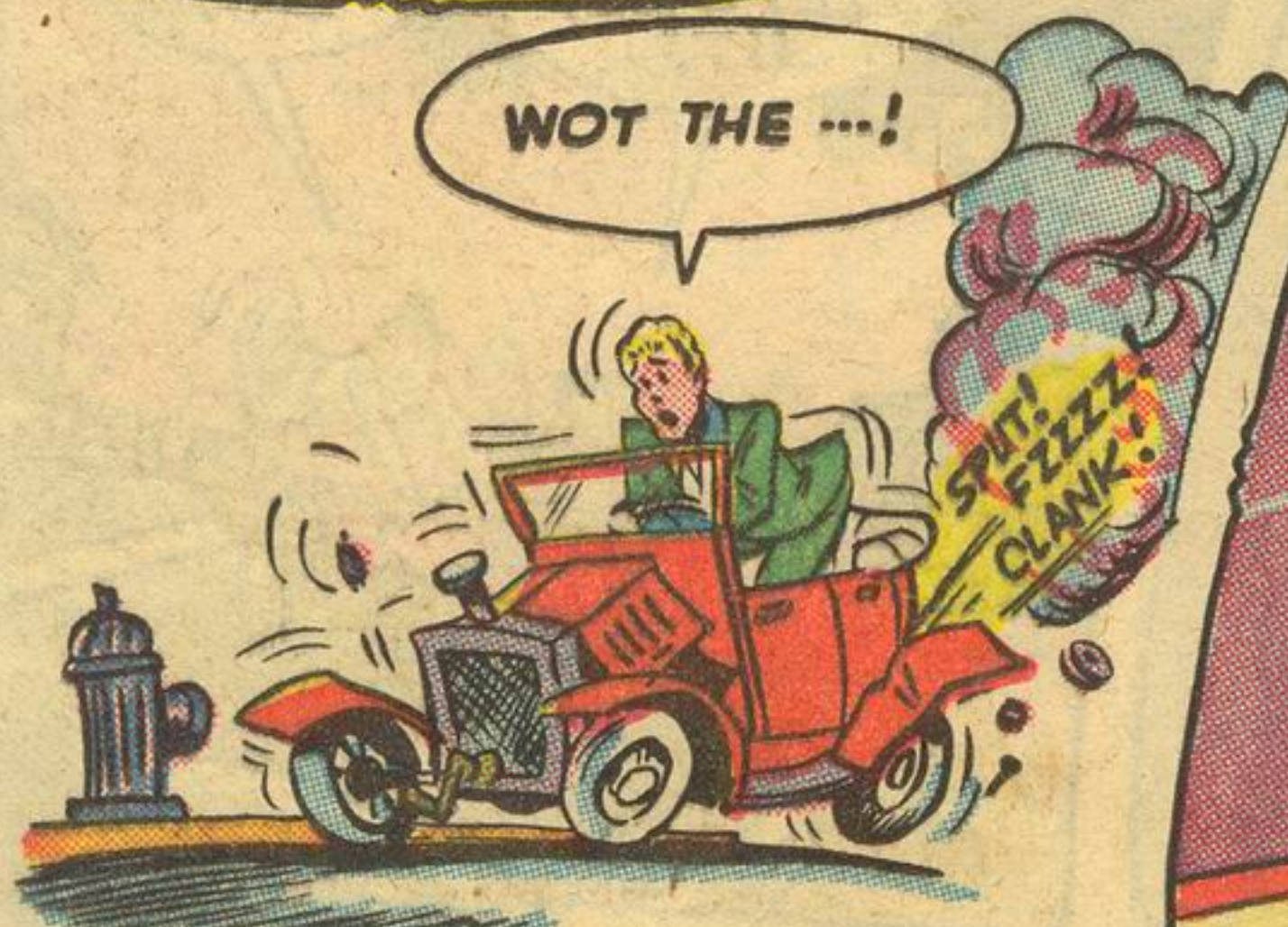
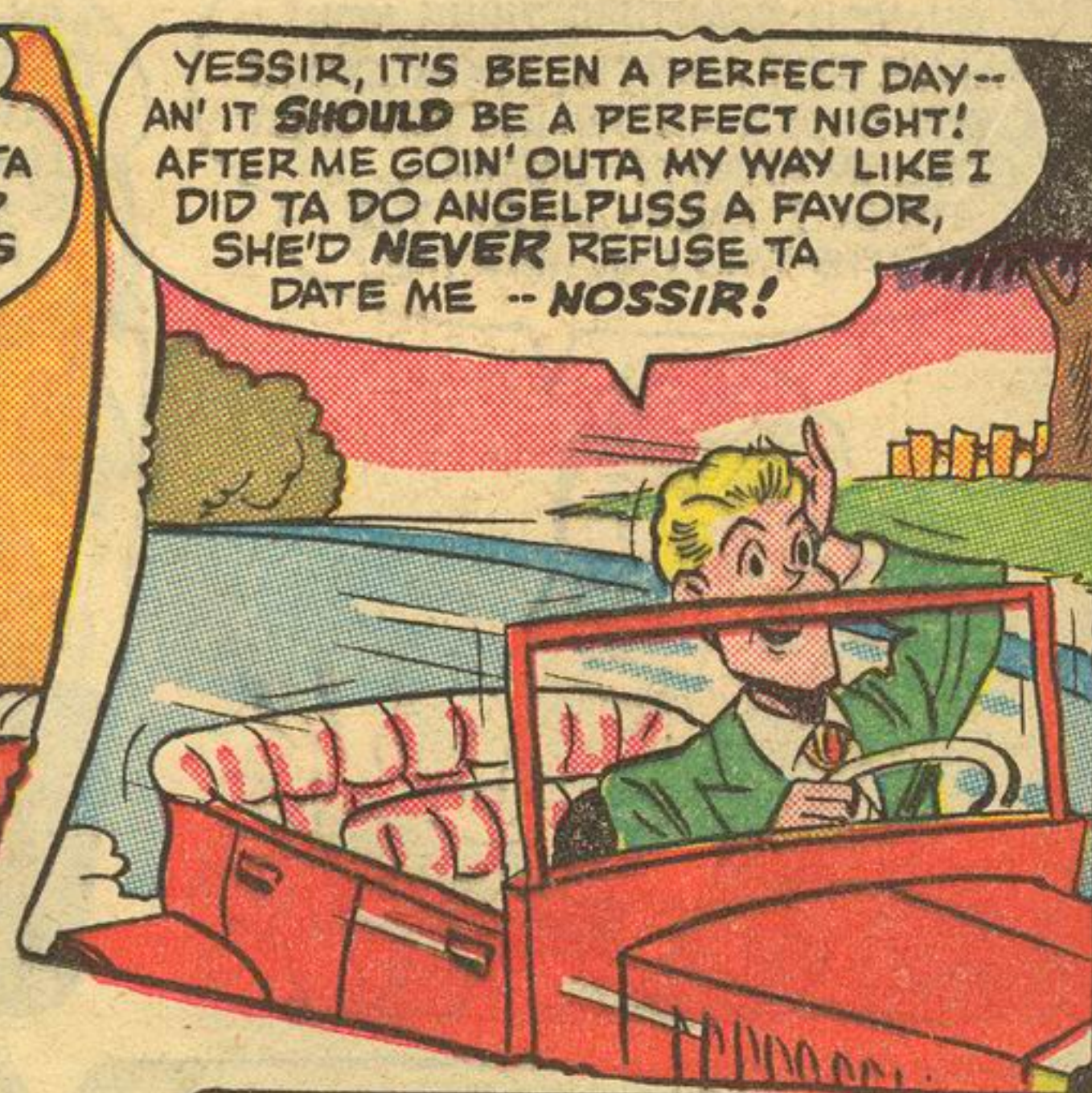
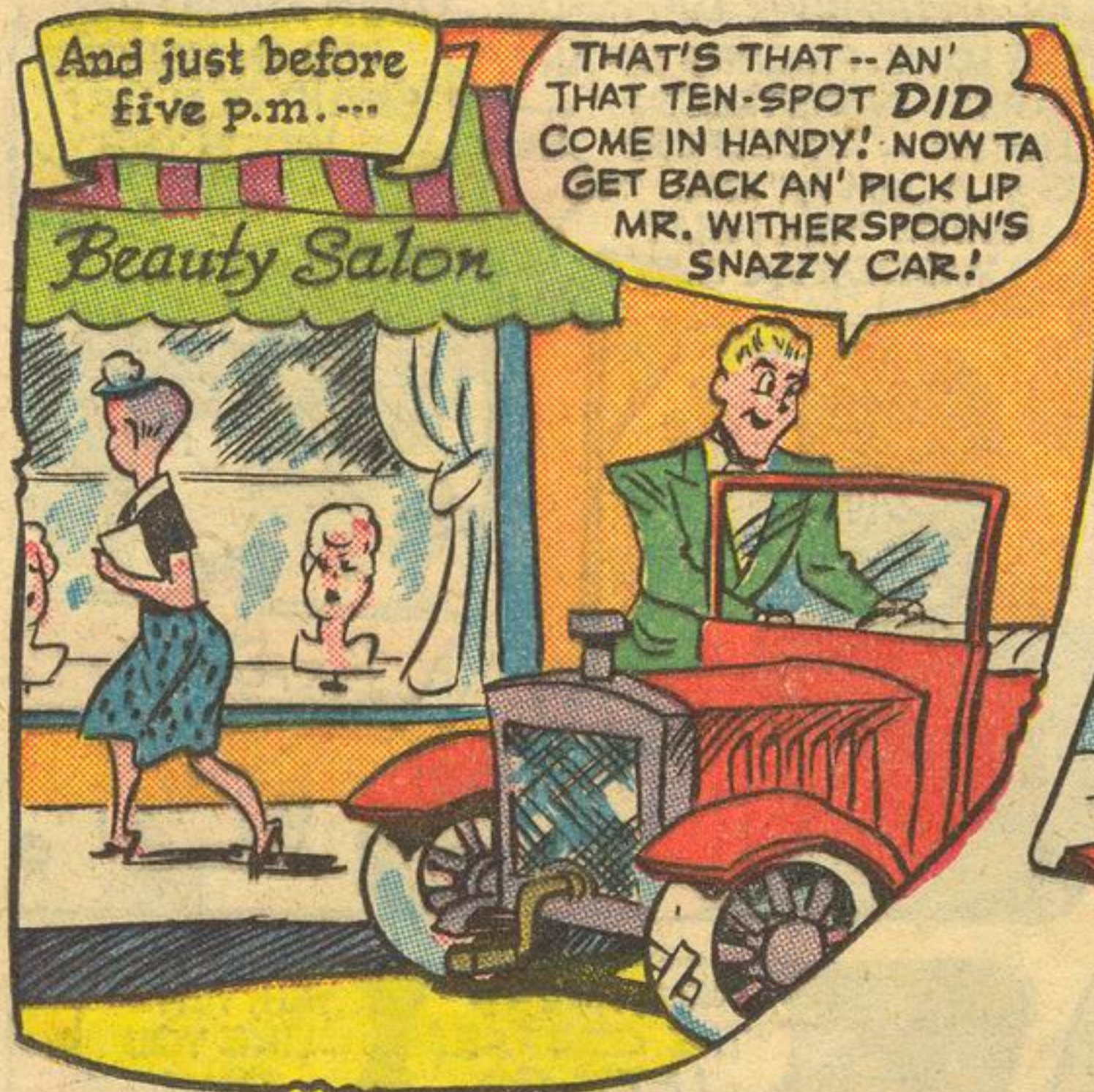
**HEY!  
COME  
BACK,  
YOU--!**

**WHY,  
THAT  
BIG--**

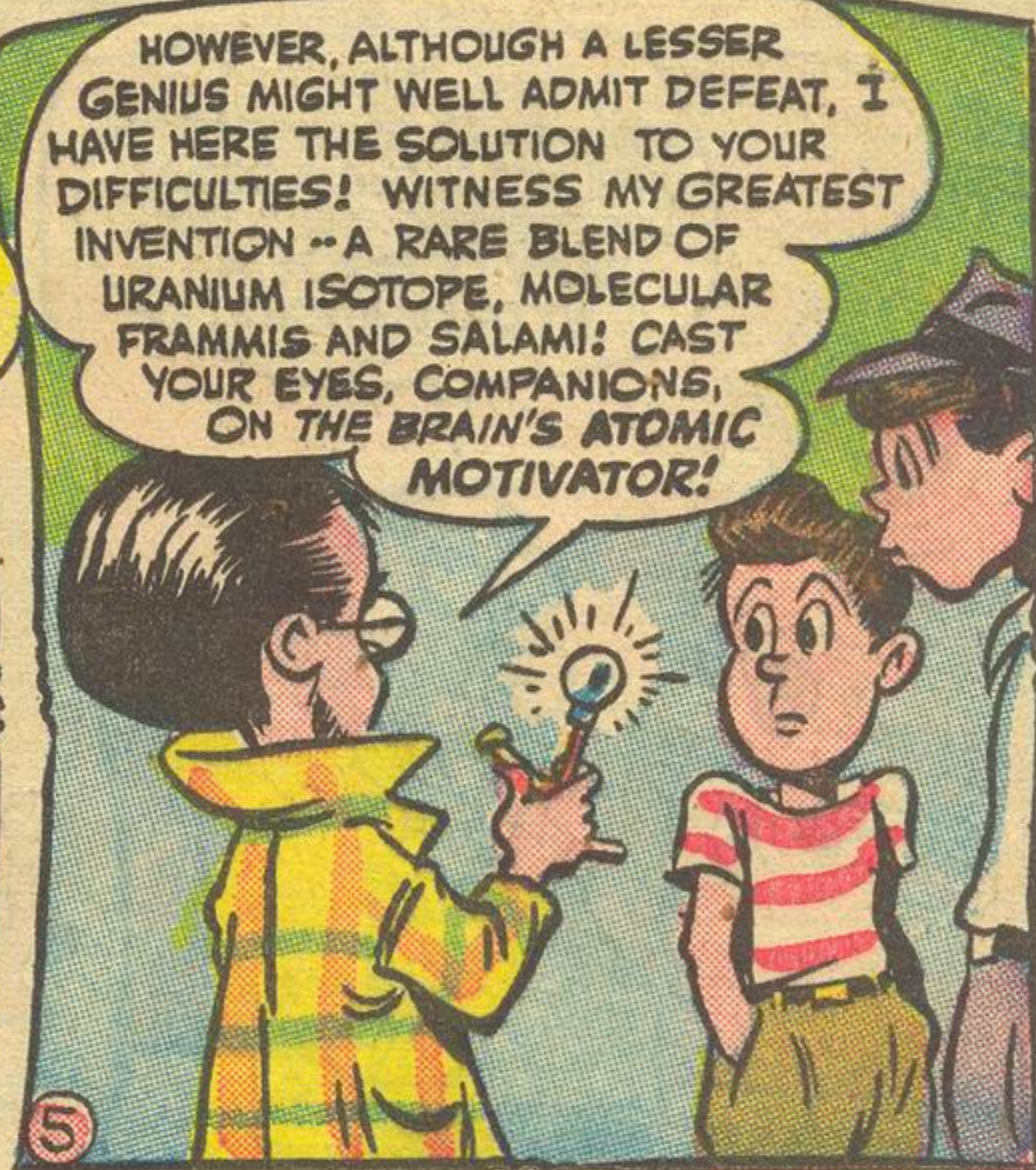
NOW, NOW, JIT!  
REMEMBER, IT'S  
A LABOR OF LOVE  
--IT'S FER  
**ANGELPUSS!**



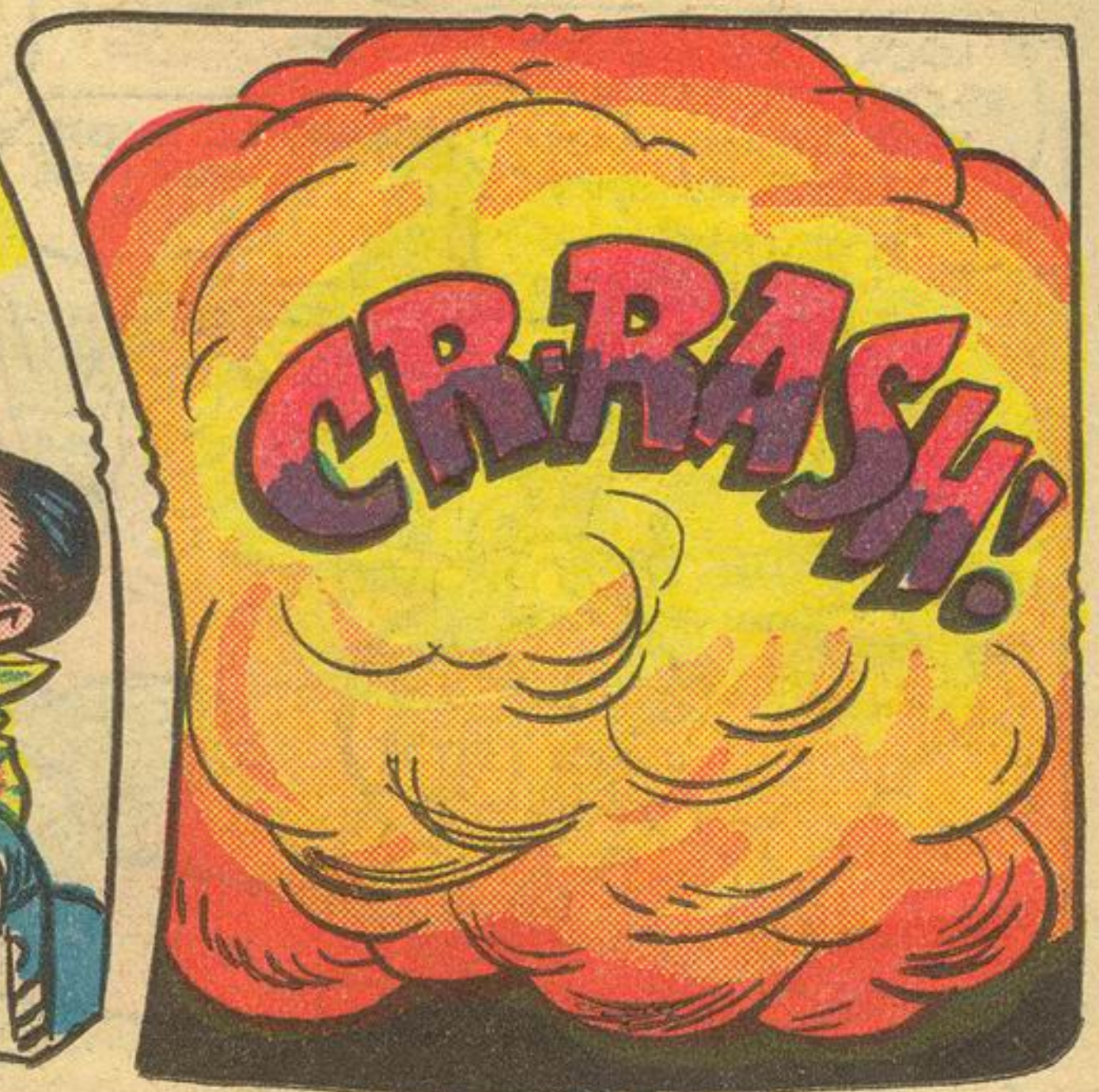
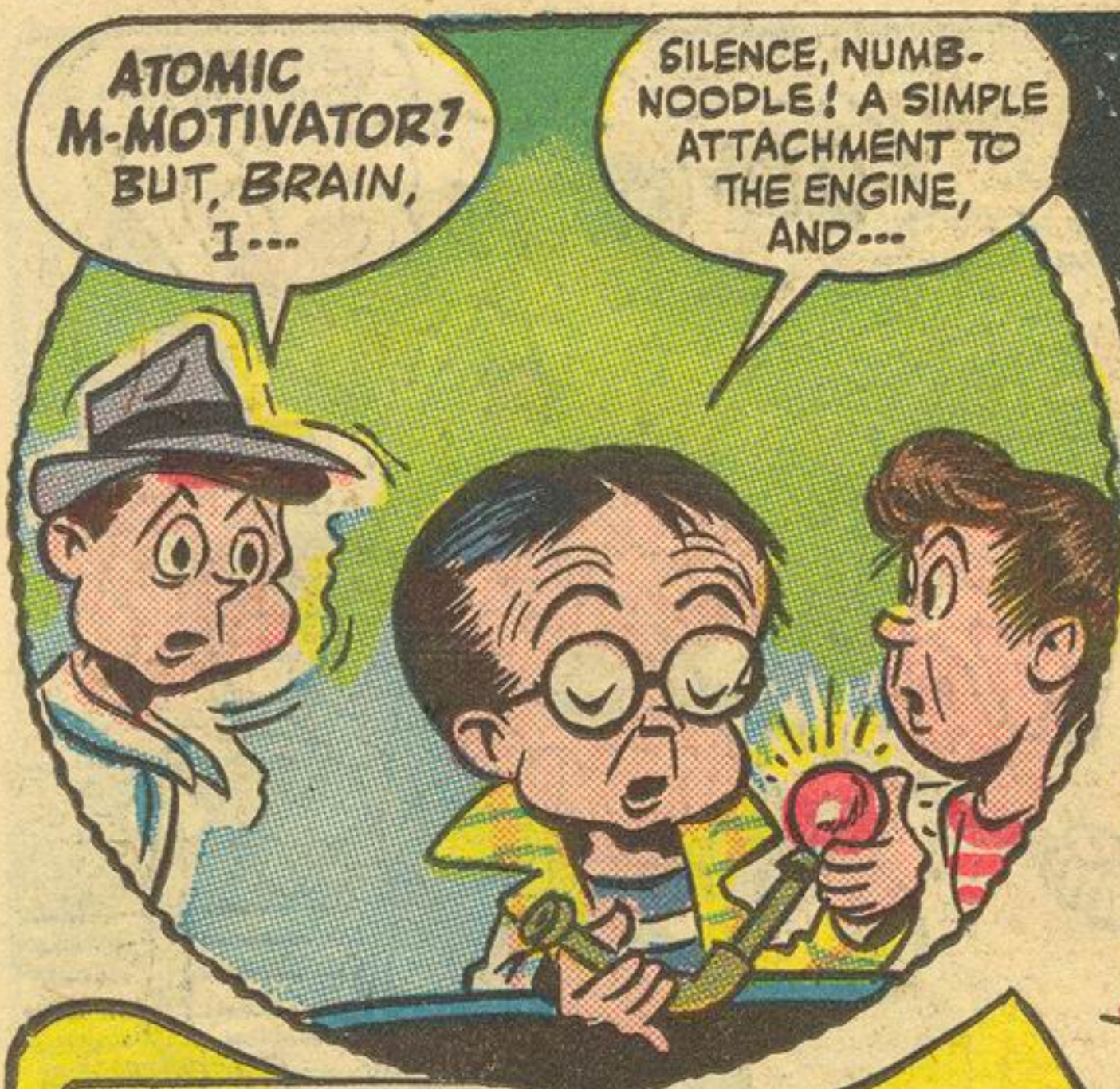
















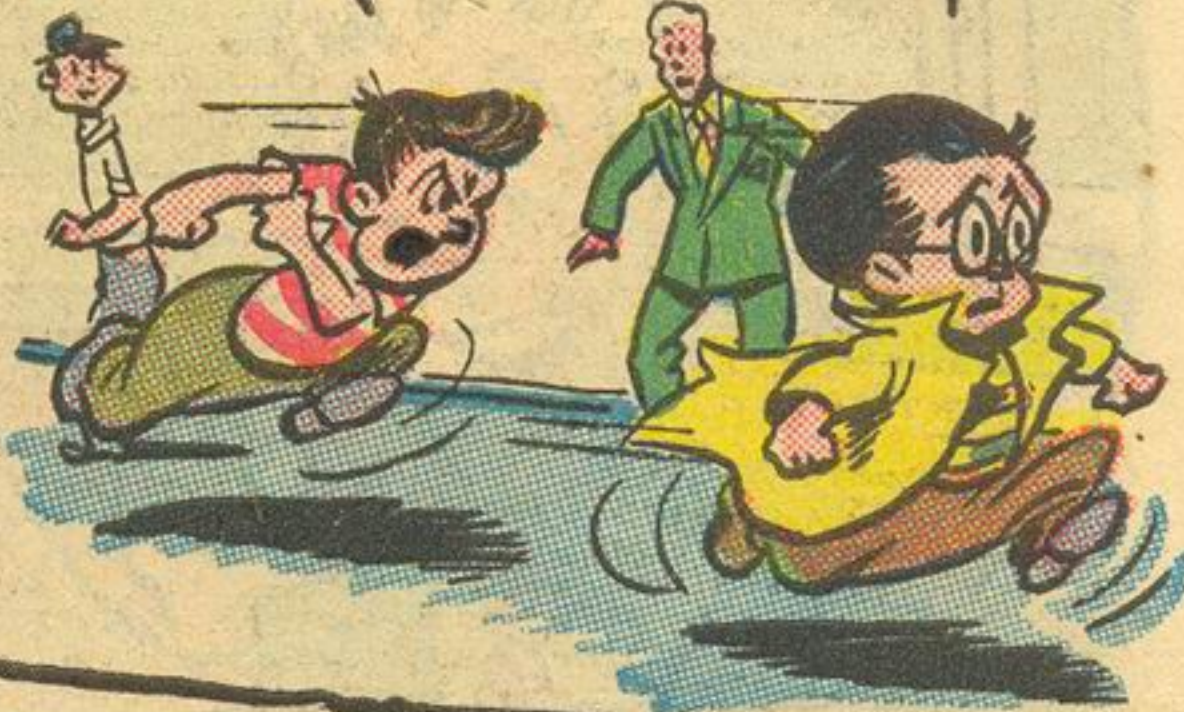
AND THERE'S N-NOthin' LEFT BUT THAT DINGBAT!

HMMMMM...



TCH, TCH!

?



HOLD IT, COOKIE -- WOT'S THE RUSH? IS MR. WITHERSPOON'S CAR FIXED?

FIXED? OH, BABY-- AN' HOW!



GET THIS, ZOOT!... IT'S A TOTAL LOSS! NOW YOU FIGGER OUT WOT YER GONNA SAY TA ANGELPUSS!

OH, I KNOW WOT I'LL SAY!



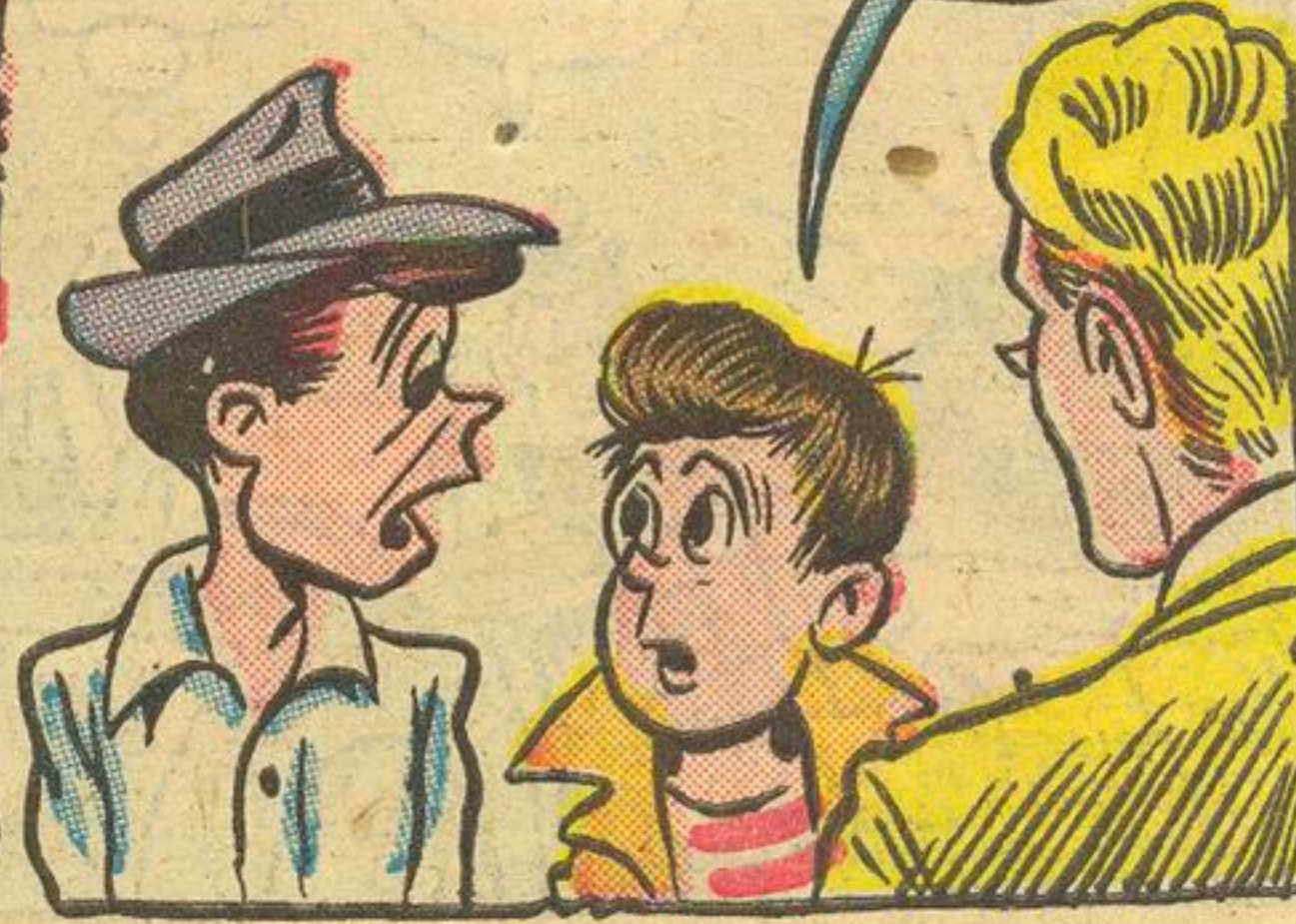
I'LL JUST SAY THAT COOKIE THINKS SO LITTLE OF HER THAT HE WRECKED HER POP'S CAR -- AN' THEN REFUSED TA COOPERATE IN FIXIN' IT!

OKAY, BLACKMAILER-- OKAY! BUT WOT CAN WE DO?



HEY! WITHOUT THE ENGINE, IT AIN'T SO HEAVY! MAYBE WE COULD PUSH IT!

AW, NO, JIT! HER OL' MAN WOULD SEE US PUSHIN'-- HE'D KNOW THERE WUZ SUMP'N WRONG!



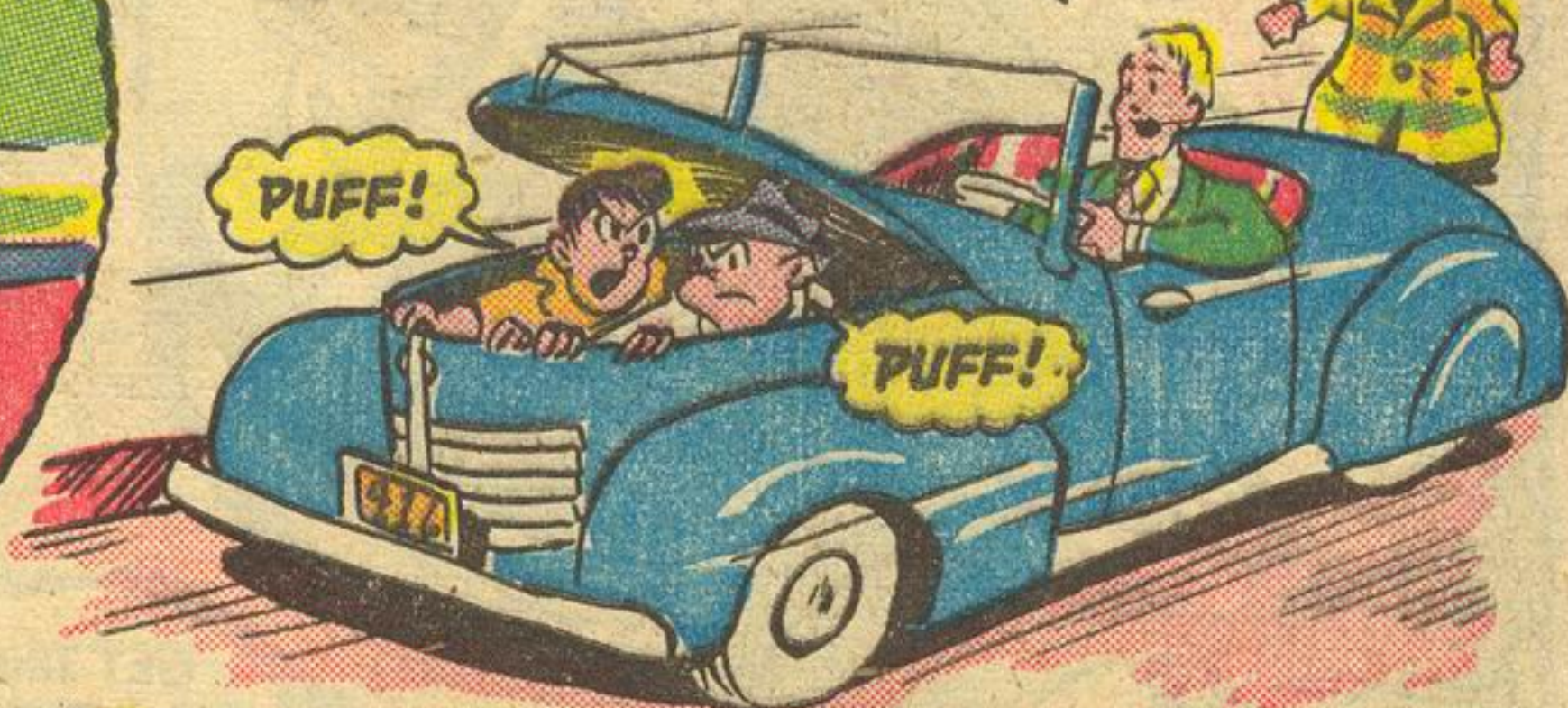
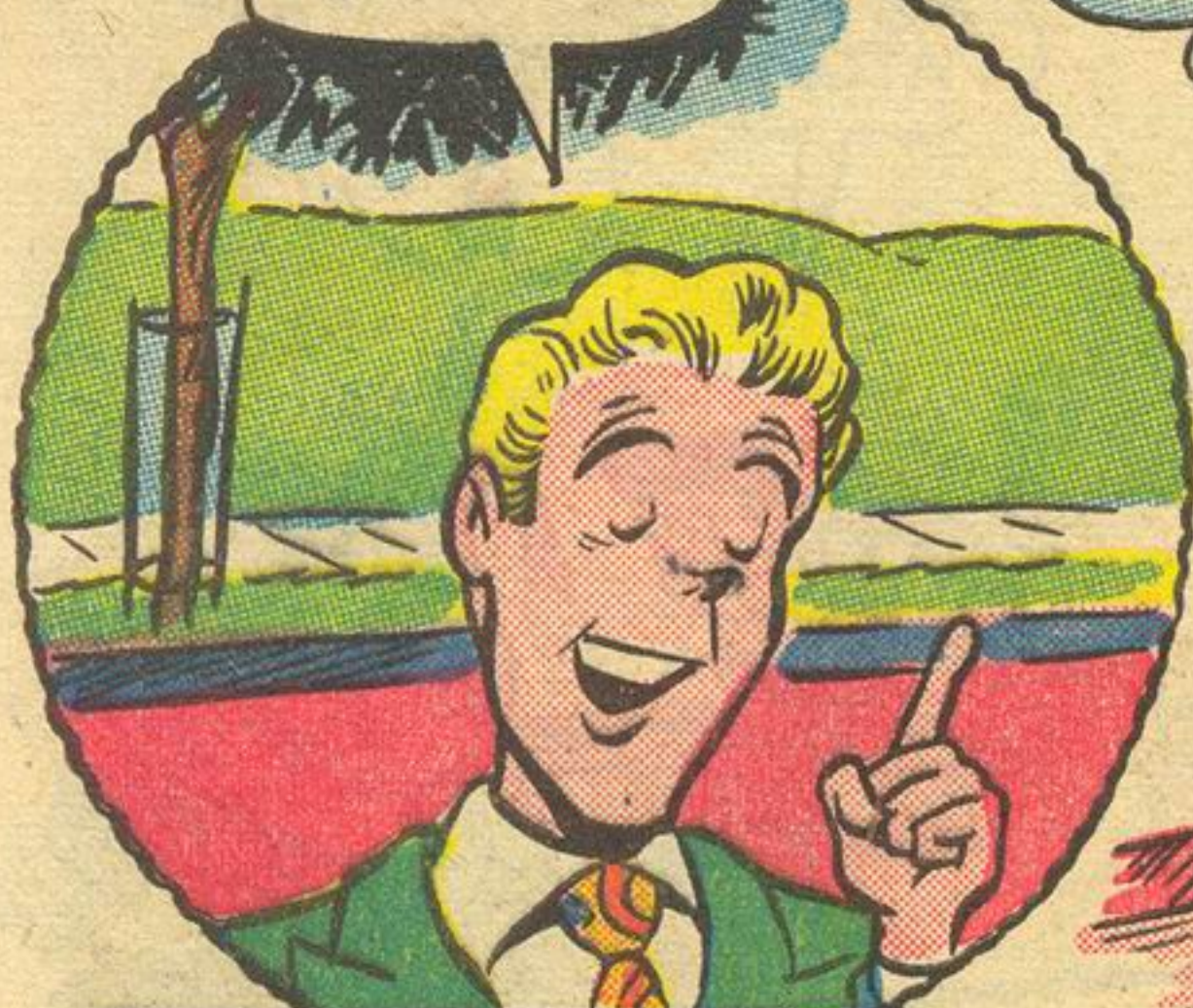


AH! BUT FOR THAT, I HAVE THE PERFECT SOLUTION!

OOF! -- YOU'LL PAY FER THIS, ZOOT!... S'HELP ME!

UH-HUH -- BUT RIGHT NOW, JUST KEEP PUSHIN'! WE'RE GETTIN' INTA TOWN, SO I'LL CLOSE THE HOOD!

EGAD! IT IS IN MOTION!



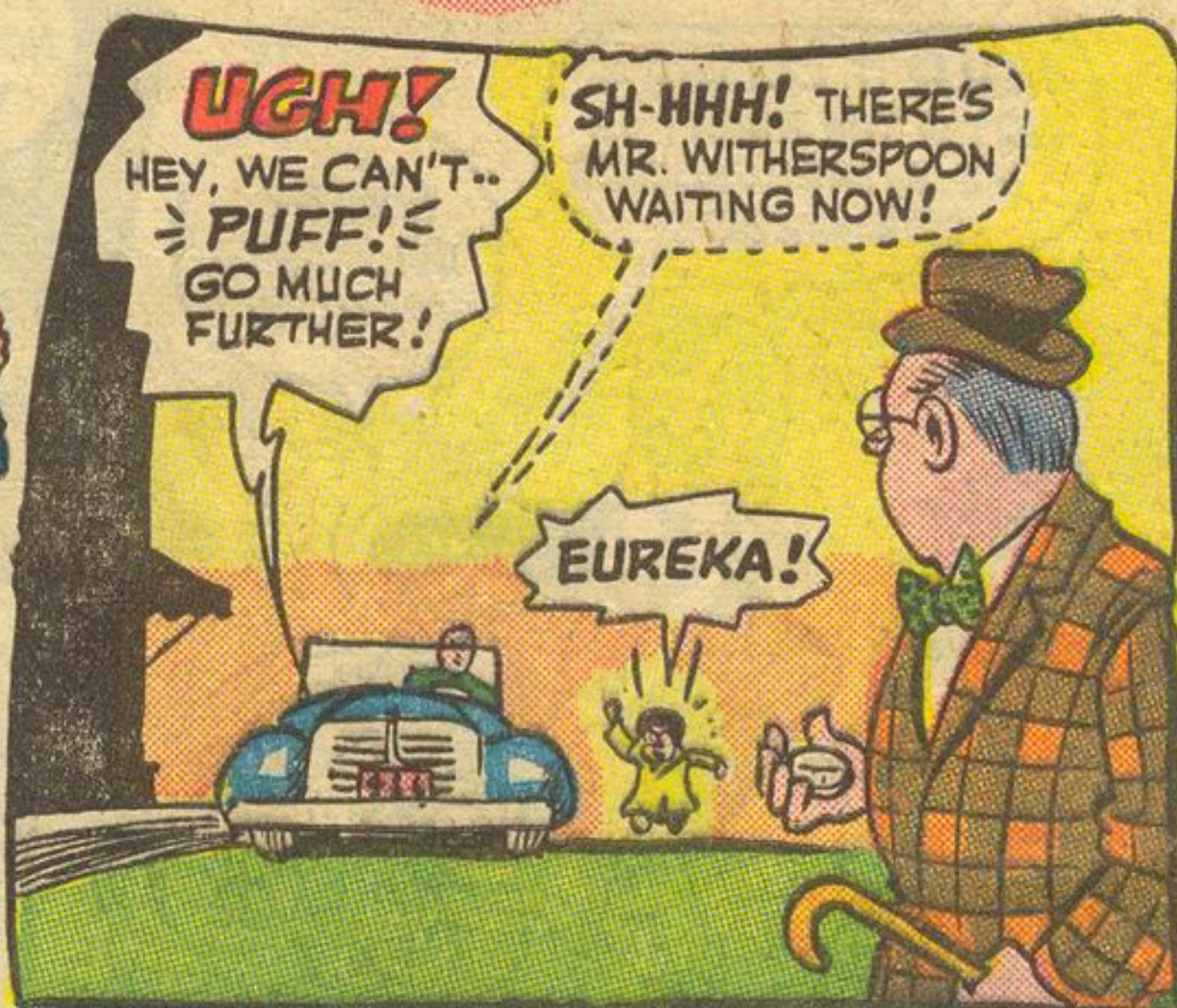
ATOMIC POWER! -- AND I AM ITS INVENTOR! OH, I'D LOVE TO SEE EINSTEIN'S FACE WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT THIS!



UGH! HEY, WE CAN'T... PUFF! GO MUCH FURTHER!

SH-HHH! THERE'S MR. WITHERSPOON WAITING NOW!

EUREKA!



CONGRATULATE ME, SIR! AND BE PROUD TO BE THE FIRST TO OWN A CAR DRIVEN BY ATOMIC POWER!

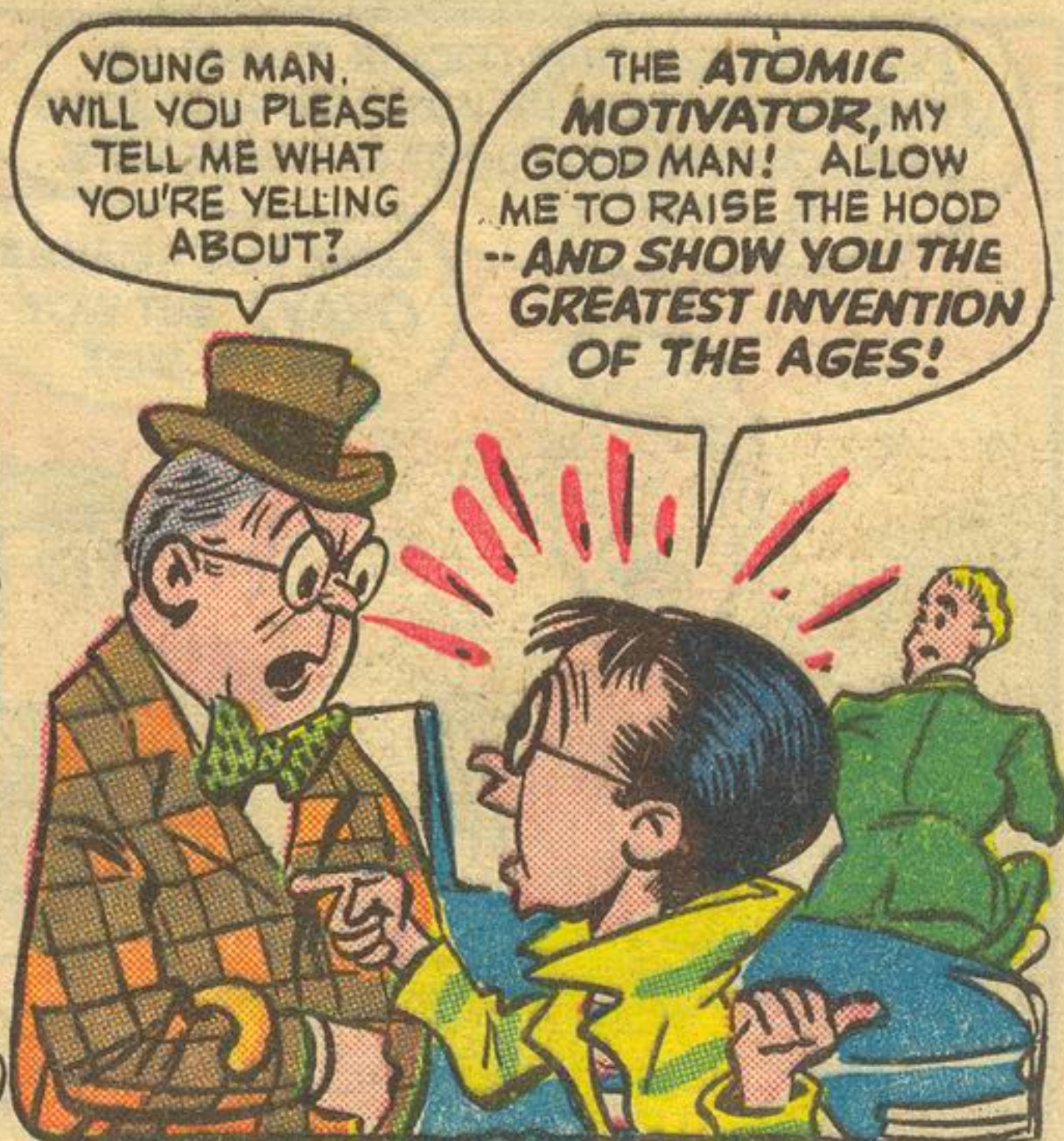
OH-OH! I BETTER GET OUTA HERE!

HUH?



YOUNG MAN, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE YELLING ABOUT?

THE ATOMIC MOTIVATOR, MY GOOD MAN! ALLOW ME TO RAISE THE HOOD -- AND SHOW YOU THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGES!





OH-HHH! THEY'RE  
GONNA RAISE THE  
HOOD! THEY'LL  
SEE US!

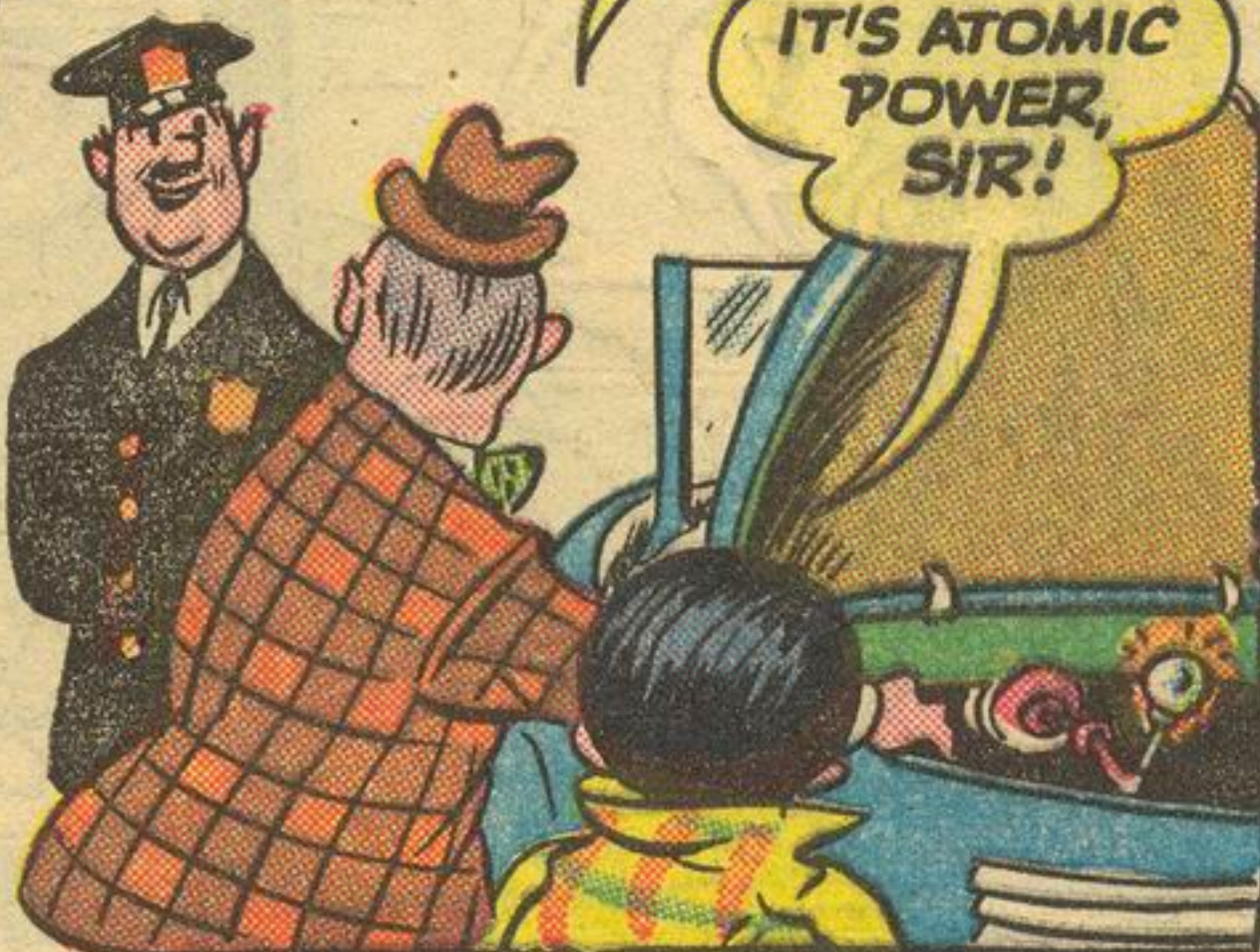
QUICK! LET'S DROP  
OUT THE BOTTOM  
AN' BEAT IT!



HIYA,  
MR. WITHERSPOON!  
WOT'S UP?

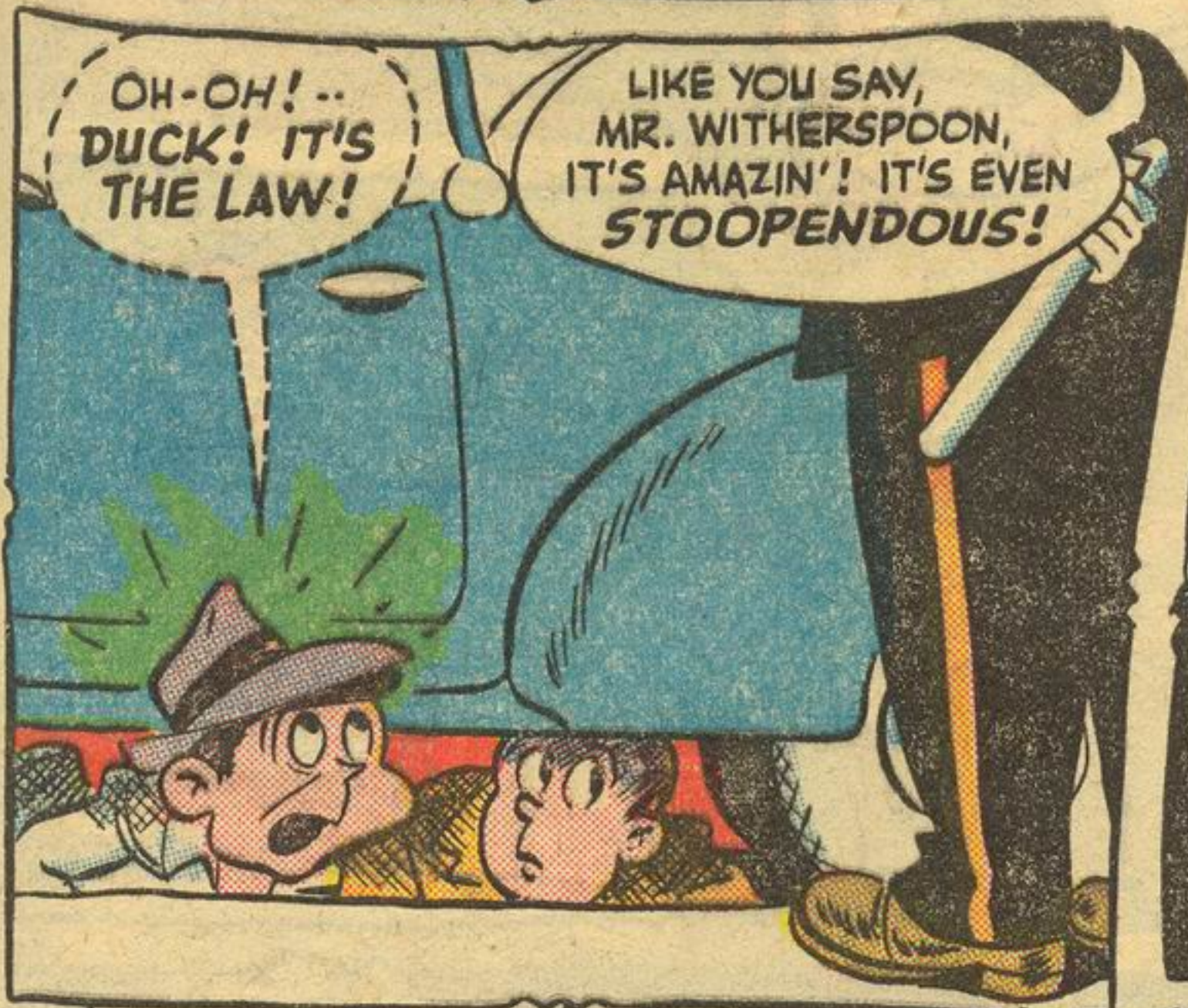
IT'S AMAZING,  
O'MALLEY! I SAW  
THIS CAR DRIVE  
UP--AND IT HAS  
NO ENGINE!  
IT--IT'S---

IT'S ATOMIC  
POWER,  
SIR!



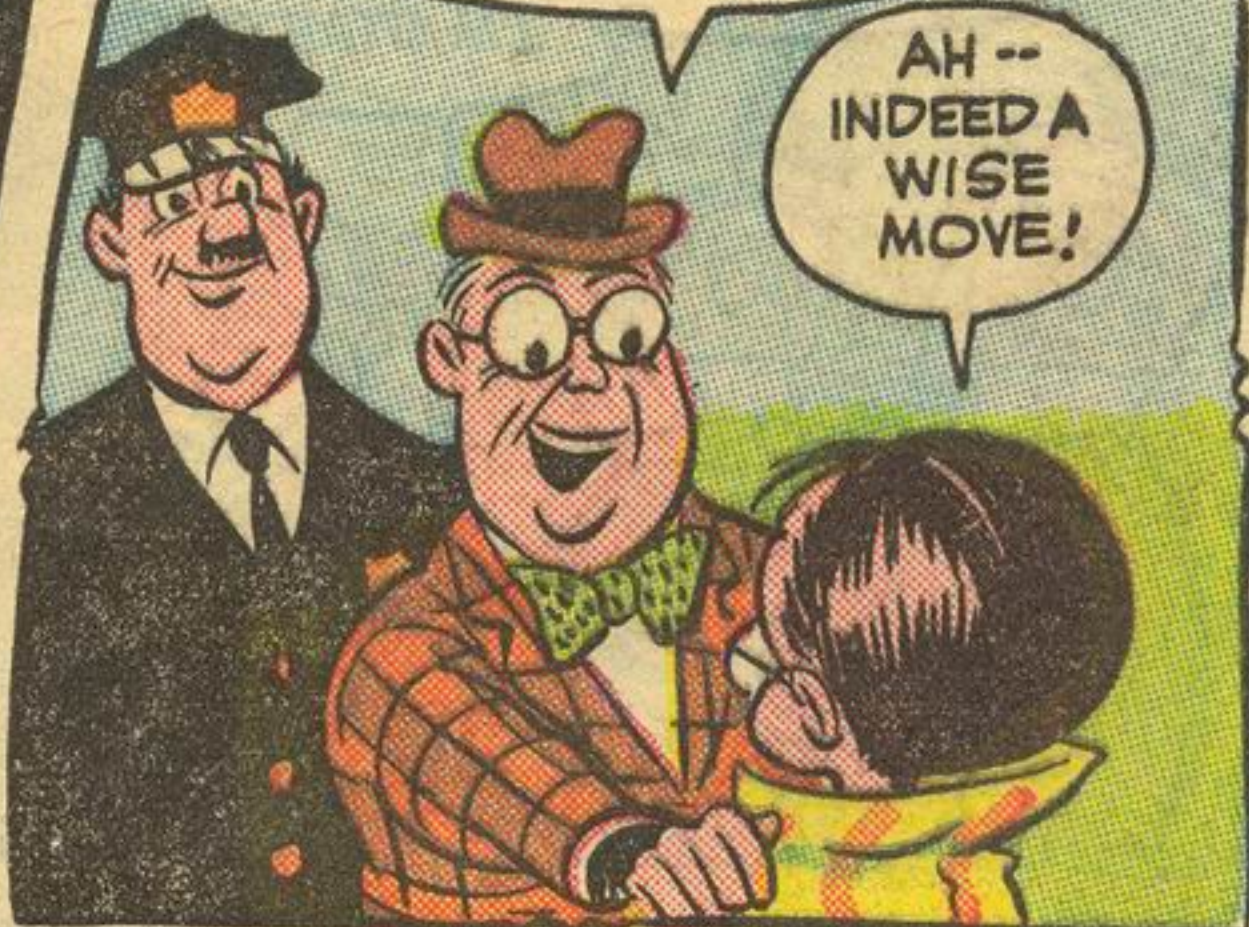
OH-OH!..  
DUCK! IT'S  
THE LAW!

LIKE YOU SAY,  
MR. WITHERSPOON,  
IT'S AMAZIN'! IT'S EVEN  
STOOPENDOUS!



YOUNG MAN, I'M CONVINCED!  
YOU'RE A GENIUS! I'LL FORM A  
COMPANY AND MAKE YOU MY  
CHIEF RESEARCH MAN!

AH --  
INDEED A  
WISE  
MOVE!



HE'S GETTIN' IN THE  
CAR, JIT! IF IT DOESN'T  
START, THEY'LL SMELL  
A RAT -- AND IT'LL  
BE US!

WE'LL JUST HAVE  
TO PUSH AGAIN,  
COOKIE! BUT  
BOY--I'M ABOUT  
ALL IN!

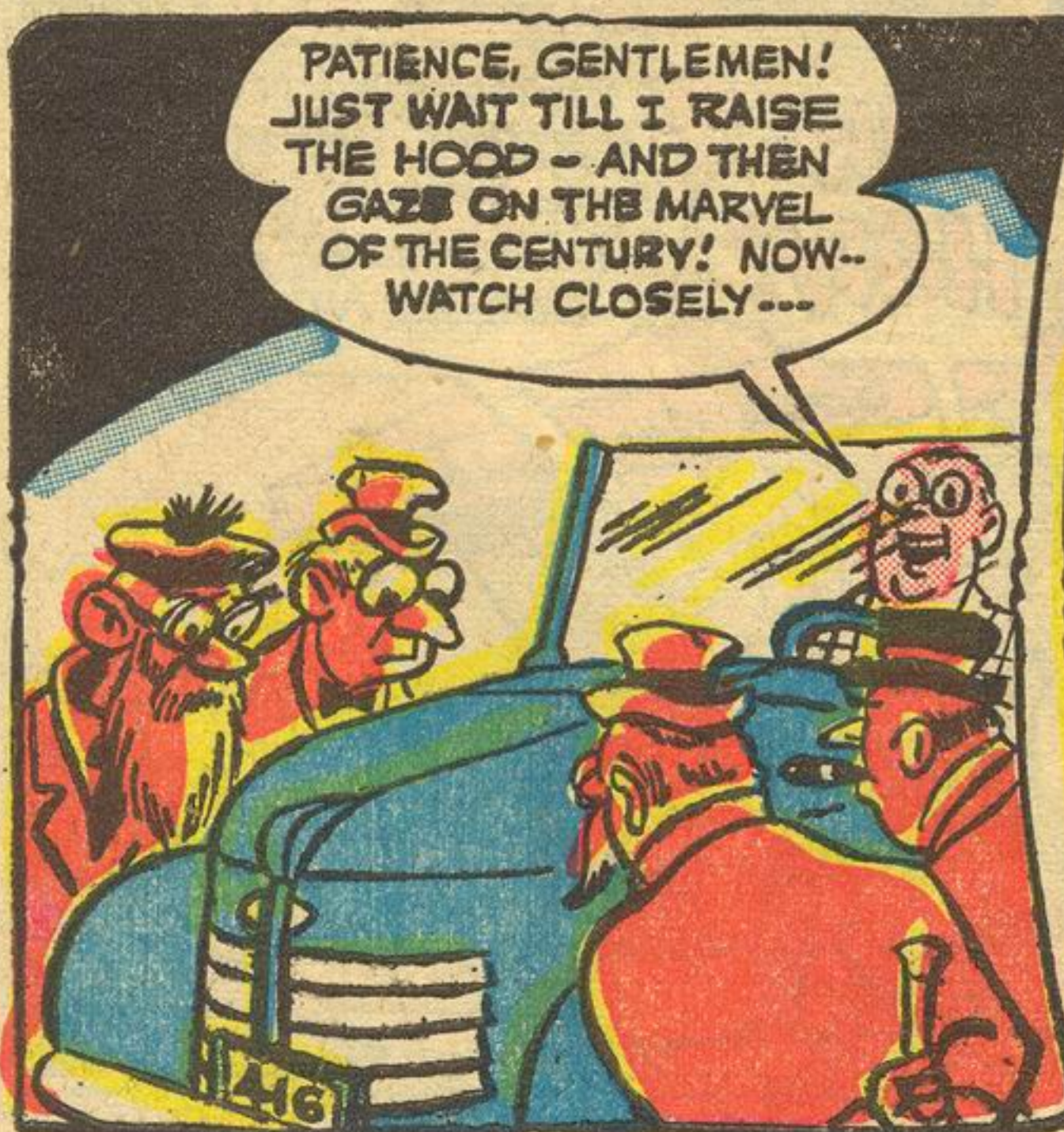
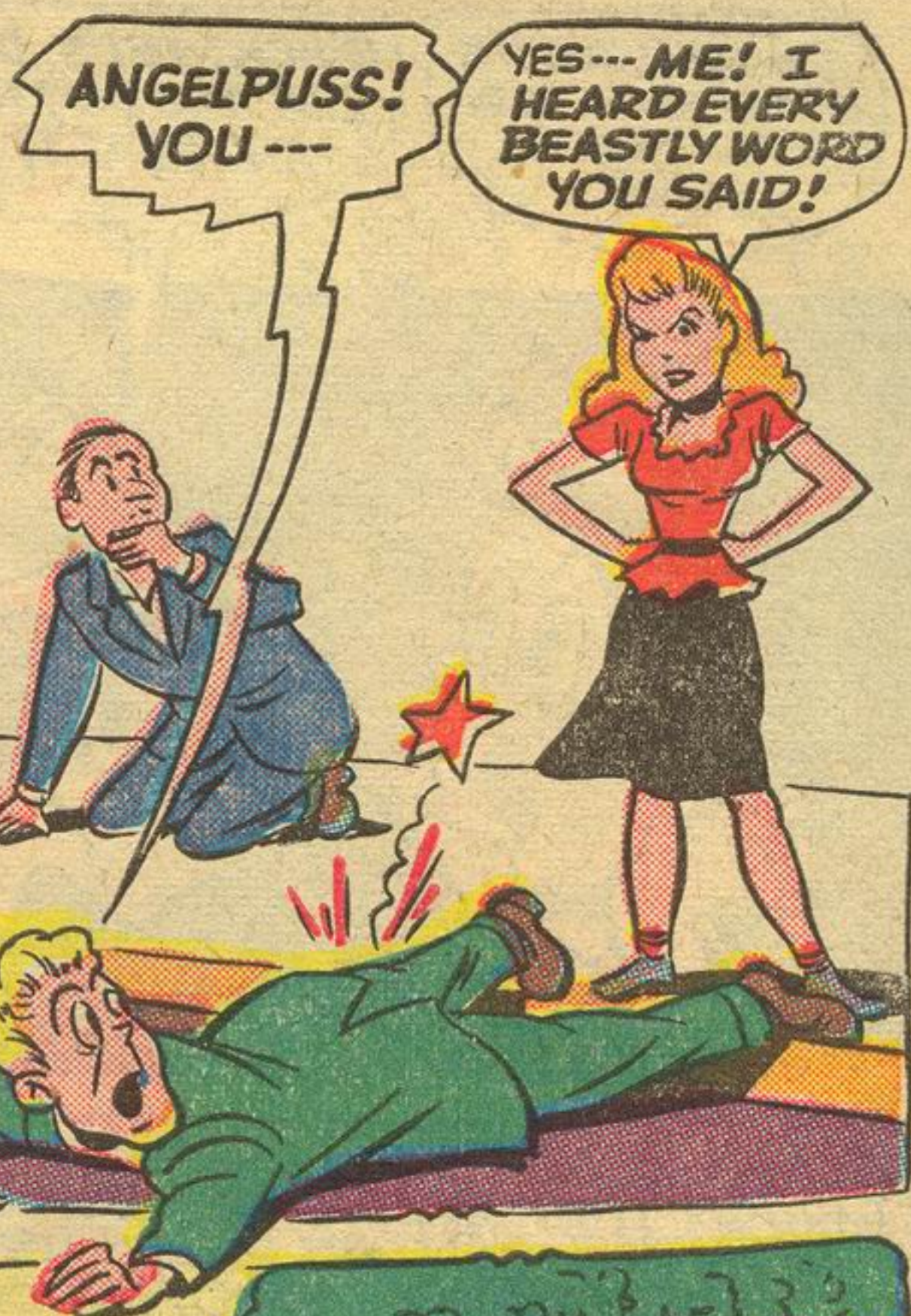
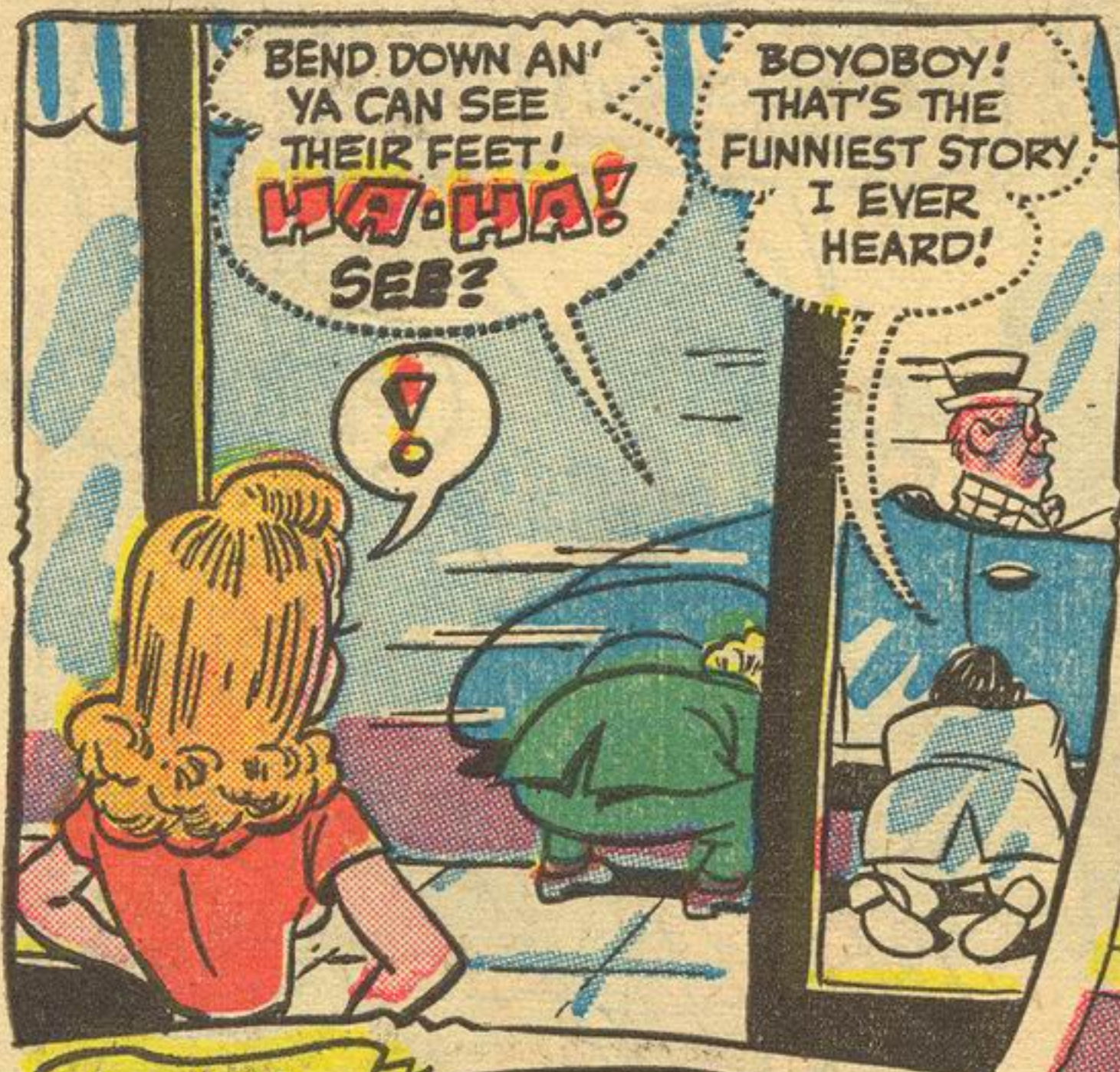


**HAW.  
HAW!**

I'M TELLIN' YA, IT WUZ  
A RIOT! THEY PUSHED  
IT ALL THE WAY INTA ---  
HEY! HERE IT  
COMES NOW!



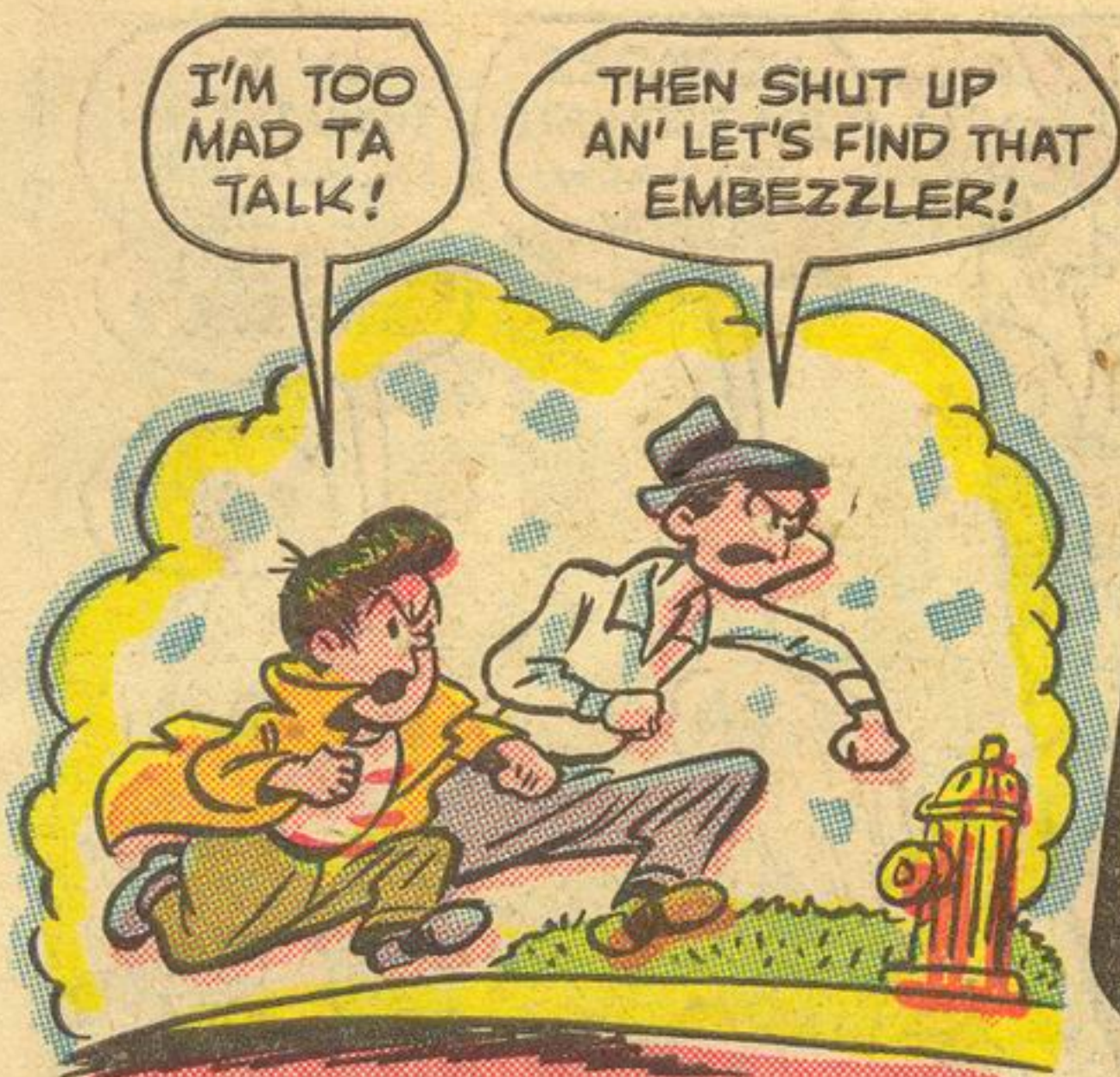














# TEEPEE TIM

GEE, LITTLE ARROW,  
WHERE YOU GET THE  
CUTE LITTLE BEAR  
CUB?

MY PAPA  
CAUGHT HIM  
FOR ME!



YOU LET ME PLAY  
WITH HIM TOO,  
LITTLE ARROW?

NO! TEE-PEE  
TIM GETTUM  
OWN CUB!



HIM PLENTY  
STINGY LITTLE  
INDIAN!







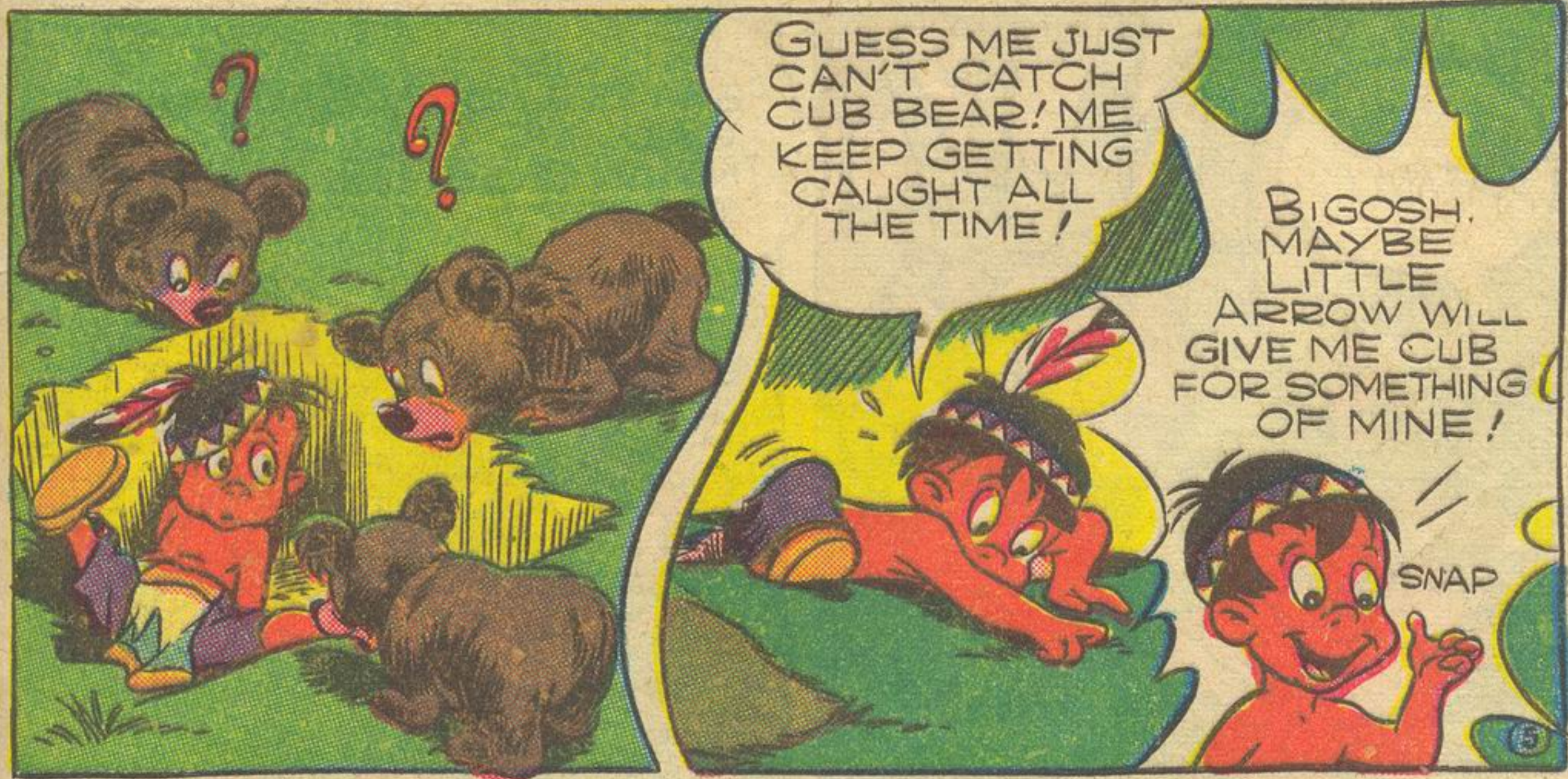
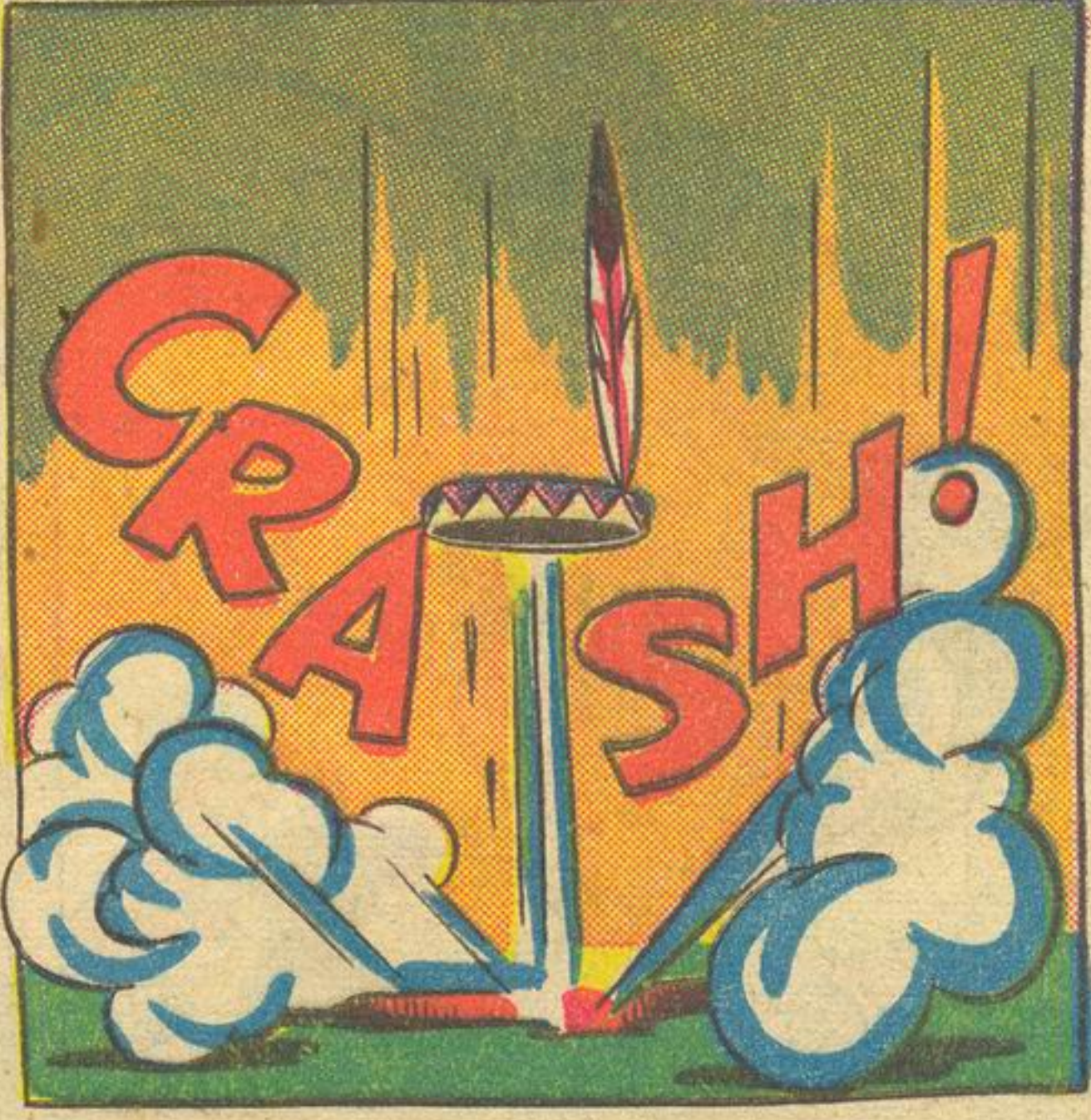


















*The Magazine*  
**THAT'S  
MAKING AMERICA**

**BOOYAH!**

**THERE'S A SHRIEK  
A SECOND WAITING  
FOR YOU --- AND  
YOU'LL LOVE IT!  
SO RUN --- DO NOT  
WALK --- TO YOUR  
NEAREST NEWS-  
STAND, AND  
SAY:**



**I want**

**HA HA  
COMICS**

*only*

**10¢**

**ON ALL STANDS ..**

**HERE IT IS ---  
A BOMBSHELL OF  
BELLY-LAFFS --- A  
SALVO OF SMILES  
--- THE GREATEST  
GLOOM-CHASER  
THAT EVER HIT  
THE STANDS!**





# The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



**I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

**H**AVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

## You Get Results FAST

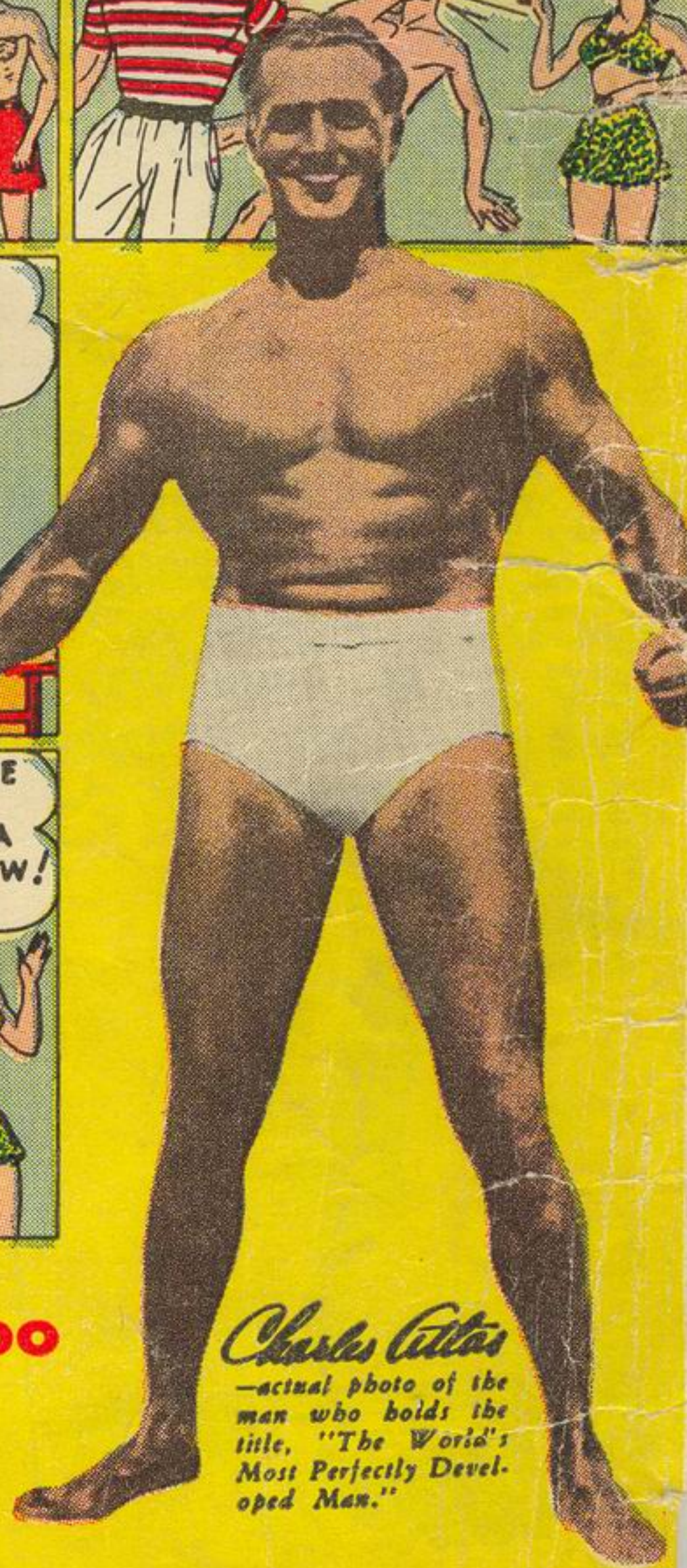
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

tire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 45-H, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



*Charles Atlas*  
—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 45-H  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

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